

# THE CHRISTIAN REFORMER.

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## ON A REVISED ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the importance of a Revision of the Authorized Translation of the Scriptures, if conducted by men duly impressed with the sacredness of the task which they undertook, and possessed of learning and impartiality sufficient for the faithful accomplishment of it. It was in the spirit of no vain or misplaced confidence that the Reformers of the sixteenth century relied, in their contest with the ignorance and superstition of their time, on the Scriptures as the mightiest weapon in the Christian warfare. They recognized in these the genuine records of divine revelation, and were conscious that from them they drew all the knowledge of God and his providence, of man and his destiny, in which they differed from the heathen world. It was therefore in obedience to the demands of piety as well as of prudence, that they sought to place them in a correct and intelligible form before the minds of those to whom they preached the gospel. Prudence and consistency required that the preachers of the gospel should place clearly and intelligibly before the people those Scriptures in which alone that gospel is recorded; while piety imperatively demanded that this holiest and most precious gift of God to men should be freed, to the utmost possible degree, from every admixture of human error or defect arising out of human infirmity. Nor did the practical results of this plan of religious teaching fail to justify their most sanguine anticipations of success; for while with indefatigable zeal and diligence they produced translation after translation of the sacred volume, they gained for the Protestant communion a constantly increasing multitude of sincere and zealous, because free and intelligent, disciples of their great Master.

Differing widely in character and attainments,—so widely, indeed, as in some cases to be incapable of any hearty co-operation in preaching that gospel which they all so highly prized,—they were always united in deepest and warmest sympathy in the opinion that the Scriptures should be put forward continually as the divinely-appointed instrument of the individual and social regeneration of the world. It was morally impossible that the stern and uncompromising spirit of Luther should justly appreciate the gentle and cautious fidelity with which Erasmus devoted

his powers to the same cause; or that the Augustinian monk, overflowing with the gloomy theology of the patron of his order, should be able to tolerate the more moderate and rational doctrine of the reformer of Zurich. But from whatever centre we contemplate the spirit of reform going forth, from Wittenberg or Basle, Geneva or Zurich, one doctrine at least issues in common from them all, and bears its practical fruit everywhere—that the Bible is to be put forward, correctly and intelligibly, as the divine source of knowledge and piety, of faith, hope and righteousness, to the church of Christ. Hence were the first great leaders of the Protestant cause in Europe distinguished for their zeal in translating the Scriptures into the native tongues of those whom they taught, and for revising their translations continually, that they might be brought to the greatest degree of accuracy which the circumstances of the time permitted.

Nor were any of the early reformers more active in this pious work than our English divines. The name of Wiclif stands conspicuously forward in connection with the translation of the Scriptures, though the amount of his practical success was disproportioned to his zeal and diligence. He saw clearly in the fourteenth century the nature and conditions of the warfare with mediæval ignorance and superstition, which could be brought to a successful issue only with the growing knowledge and civilization of the sixteenth. He at least pointed the way which was afterwards pursued with signal success by the founders of the Protestant churches of Europe.

It is a question of no small interest and importance to the Protestant churches of our own time, whether it has not been in opposition to the dictates of the soundest wisdom that they have departed from the example of their forefathers in this matter,—whether the growing empire of Superstition on the one hand, and of Infidelity on the other, be not the natural effect of the comparative neglect with which the Scriptures have been treated for the last two centuries.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to mention in detail the different English translations of the Scriptures that were published during the reigns of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth, before the present Authorized Version was issued in the year 1611 by the authority of James the First. They were numerous and characterized by different degrees of accuracy. When James succeeded to the English crown, the opinion was general and not unfounded that a new version was still wanted, in which the errors of preceding translations might be avoided, and which might be adapted for general use. Accordingly, a considerable number of the most learned men of that time were employed on this great national work, and, as the result of their labours, the present Authorized Version was published, and appointed by Royal authority to be used in all the



churches in which James' authority was acknowledged. Recommended thus by Royal command, united to a very large degree of internal excellence, it soon superseded all other translations, and so has continued to the present day the only representative of the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures to the Protestant churches of this kingdom.

For nearly two centuries and a half, then, the work to which the early reformers attached so much importance has been abandoned. No attempt has been made in this long period to remedy the defects of a translation which was made under great disadvantages. The original Scriptures themselves have been more successfully studied and are much better understood, yet no attempt has been made by public authority to give to the nation generally the benefit of this increased knowledge. The chief instrument of that distinguished Reformation which was accomplished by our forefathers is still in our hands, fitted for our use, as it was for theirs, in enlightening and reforming the world, but from certain adventitious circumstances deprived of a portion of its native beauty and power, and so of its spiritual efficacy;—and is no effort to be made to remove any shade, however slight, which human infirmity may have thrown upon it, and to let its light fall clear and unclouded on the minds and hearts of men? Has God spoken to men, and are those men voluntarily to permit his word to be only partially audible to the world, by the imperfection of the medium through which it is transmitted from generation to generation? Piety towards God and charity to men equally require that such questions should be answered in the negative. And their force is not to be evaded by any reasonable doubt respecting the fact on which they are founded, that the Authorized Version of the Bible is in many respects imperfect, and that to make it justly represent the original Scriptures it requires much improvement.

Archbishop Newcome, in his “*Historical View of English Biblical Translations*,” has collected such a multitude and variety of testimonies to this effect, that one may almost say that every writer of eminence in every church who has treated this subject, has declared the necessity of a thorough revision of our English Bible. It is unnecessary to adduce authorities at any length in proof of a point which is so generally admitted. Bishop Lowth (*Prelim. Diss. to Isaiah*) says of the Authorized Version, that “as to style and language it admits but of little improvement; but in respect of the sense and the accuracy of interpretation, the improvements of which it is capable are great and numberless.” On the same subject, Dr. Blayney (*Plem. Disc. to Jeremiah*) writes thus: “A new translation of the Scriptures in our own language for the public service has long been most devoutly wished by many of the best friends to religion and our Established Church, who, though not insensible of the merit of our present

version in common use, and justly believing it to be equal to the very best that is now extant in any language, ancient or modern, sorrowfully confess that it is still far from being so perfect as it might and should be; that it often represents the errors of a faulty original with too exact a resemblance; whilst, on the other hand, it has mistaken the true sense of the Hebrew in not a few places, and sometimes substituted an interpretation so obscure and perplexed that it becomes almost impossible to make out with it any sense at all." To the same purpose I might quote Principal Campbell, of Aberdeen; Dr. Geddes, the learned Roman Catholic translator of the Books of Moses; John Wesley, and many others. Even Dr. Cumming (Bible Revision and Translation) concedes that some most important words are "wrongly translated" in our English Bible; that here King James's translators have made an "obvious mistake," and there a "blunder;" that one of the proposed alterations in the Common Version "would be a vast improvement;" and himself illustrates by examples the acknowledged fact, that our English Bible sometimes expresses the sense of the sacred writers obscurely, and sometimes misses it altogether.

It was quite impossible that it should be otherwise. The editors of the Received Greek Text of the New Testament had access to none of the most ancient and valuable manuscripts and versions—those indispensable materials for the formation of a correct text; and they were themselves too little skilled in the art of criticism to form any correct judgment of the relative value of those that they possessed; while it is even doubted, not without reason, whether they had sufficient impartiality and independence of theological prejudice or prepossession, to adhere to the text of their manuscripts when it contradicted any dogma of their church. Though this remark applies chiefly to the Complutensian editors, yet as Erasmus used their text in preparing his own last two editions, the suspicion which theirs excited extends also to his; the more so, that he sometimes adopted the Complutensian reading in preference to his own, in obedience to popular clamour. The Received Text, then, being the text of Erasmus with few and trifling exceptions, was formed from imperfect originals by incompetent men, who from timidity, or theological bias, or ecclesiastical influence, were sometimes unfaithful to the degree of knowledge which they possessed.

Our English translators, again, from whom our Authorized Version proceeded, could not of course make a translation more in harmony with the original Scriptures than the Greek text which they translated. And the different branches of theological learning have been so much more extensively and accurately cultivated since their time, that, as compared with biblical scholars of our own day, they were but imperfectly qualified for the work which they undertook. Though many of them were men of



great learning and genius, yet in regard to Eastern languages and Eastern customs our own age supplies learning of a higher class, and genius more cultivated in those parts of the theological science which the work in question especially requires.

It must not be overlooked, in connection with this part of the subject, that King James's translators performed their task in other respects under influences not very unlike those which interfered with the success, if not with the faithfulness, of the editors of the Greek text. Royal authority prescribed a definite course for them on one side, while theological opinion appears to have given a partial character to their translation on the other. Among the rules that by Royal command they were carefully to observe, one was that they were to follow the Bishops' Bible as closely as the original would permit,—that is, that the new translation should give all possible countenance to royal and episcopal authority as against the Puritans; for, if we may believe Dr. Geddes, the Bishops' Bible, like the Authorized Version which was founded upon it, was inferior to the Geneva Bible, and even to that of Tindall and Coverdale, which had been published nearly a century before. In another of these rules they were commanded to prefer such significations of words as had been used by the "most eminent Fathers," and which were most agreeable to the "analogy of faith." And it is not difficult to imagine who would be esteemed the most eminent Fathers by the admirers of Augustin and the disciples of Calvin and Knox. Nor is there any reason to doubt that the analogy of faith meant a conformity to the popular creed of the reformers at that period, i. e. Calvinism as it is laid down in the Westminster Confession, that stern and gloomy theology of our fathers which is now so fast yielding to a gentler and more benignant faith around us, or to Deism, where that more benevolent faith is not allowed free utterance. "King James's translators," says Dr. Geddes (*Prospectus*, p. 2), "like all other translators of their day, were too much guided by theological sentiment, and seem on some occasions to have allowed their religious prejudices to get the better of their judgment." In this circumstance we have an argument in favour of a revision of the English Bible which no candid and impartial friend of scriptural truth can reasonably or consistently resist.

Under the unquestionable circumstances of the case, then, it would have been nothing short of a miracle if the Authorized Version of the Scriptures had not been characterized by much imperfection. And is it not most remarkable that the whole Protestant community do not at once unite in demanding the immediate and unconditional removal of error, serious and acknowledged, from records so venerable and sacred?

Some thirty years ago a work of Milton's on Christian Doctrine was discovered, and immediately, by Royal command, it

was published in an English translation by a dignitary of the Established Church. And here are the Christian Scriptures themselves to a certain extent perverted, and in a large portion of them obscured by human infirmity, and no Royal command issues requiring that they should be offered in their integrity to the multitudes who look to them for guidance and consolation in this life, and who find in them the only sufficient ground of their faith and hope in a life to come. And the Christian community themselves, who acknowledge these Scriptures as the word of God and the charter of their salvation, utter no word of dissatisfaction with the supineness or unfaithfulness in high places, which allows this sacred treasure to remain thus marred by human folly, obscured still by the dust which settled upon it in an age of darkness and superstition. How is this? Is the Bible no longer the religion of Protestants, or have they found any substitute for it, in their superior attachment to which we may discover the explanation of their supineness in regard to that Bible which their fathers so highly honoured? Or does the Church find in the very errors or imperfections of the English Bible, the best support of those Creeds and Articles which have gone so far to supersede it as the religious standard of Protestantism? Does the Calvinist of the present day feel the convenience of those perversions of holy writ which the Calvinists of a former period weakly or disingenuously originated?

Whatever be the cause of this state of things, it is to be deplored that very many, if not a large majority, of the leaders of opinion in the Protestant churches are rather disposed to palliate, excuse or conceal the defects in the English Scriptures, than to correct them. While the evil complained of is not denied, a variety of reasons are advanced why it should not be redressed. One objector denies that men can now be found of learning equal to that of the original translators, or at all competent to the task of correcting their work. But this objection demands no reply beyond what we have already given to it. Others extol the excellence of the Scriptures as we have them, and thence infer, not very logically, that they ought not to be improved. The great and varied excellence of the English Bible is not only admitted but affirmed, warmly and gratefully asserted, by those who are the most urgent for a revision of it. It is indeed sufficient for every practical purpose of religious enlightenment and moral direction. The shade of obscurity which rests on some portions of it, through the incompetency of its editors or translators, or the poverty of the materials on which they had to work, is practically almost imperceptible amidst the flood of light which it pours on the character and providence of God, and the duties and destiny of man—on religion, in its truths and its promises, its requirements and its rewards. So, too, the occasional theological colouring which some passages display is practically lost,



at least to the intelligent reader, in the clear, full and repeated enunciation of the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. But why insist on maintaining so much excellence in perpetual connection with so much imperfection which may be remedied, or so much error that may be corrected? Is not the very excellence of the Authorized Translation a guarantee that all needful correction of it may be made without perceptibly changing its general character to the mass of readers? Among its justly-boasted excellences surely none will reckon the obscurity of many passages, the error which attaches to others, or the absolute falsification of one at least, and that of great importance. On the contrary, there is no real excellence by which the English Bible is distinguished that may not remain after the most complete revision of it, or which may not be rendered more striking and satisfactory by this very process.

It is also put forward as a ground of objection to a revision of the Scriptures, that men's minds would be unsettled by it, and their confidence shaken in the Bible, if not in religion generally. But there is no good reason to fear that any confidence would be shaken, save that vain and superstitious reliance on the mere letter of Scripture which renders the mind insensible to its spirit,—which materializes in dead forms of words that religion whose higher mission is to warm the heart and hallow the affections. In as far as this objection applies to the attachment which is felt for the Scriptures, or the value that is ascribed to them, or the industry and faithfulness with which they are sought and studied, the most satisfactory reply is to be found in the spirit that prevailed in those times when they were first translated into English. Did the Puritans become indifferent to the Scriptures or to religion when the refugees at Geneva added their translation to that of Tindall and Coverdale; or did the Scriptures come to be more lightly esteemed as translation followed translation in the reigns of Edward and Elizabeth? Or was not the very contrary true? Whilst the learned gave the most reasonable and satisfactory testimony of their reverence for the sacred records by labouring to restore them to their primitive purity, the multitude of those who could read the English Bible only, learned at once to feel a higher respect for their faithful and zealous teachers, and a more holy regard for that word of God which engaged in so large a degree their pious zeal and diligence.

Without dwelling on the number of obsolete words in the common English Bible which are unintelligible to the young and the unlearned—the number of passages in which the style of expression may be better adapted to the refinement of our time—or the use which the Deist has made of errors in the translation in attacking the Scriptures themselves and the grounds of the religion which they contain,—the spirit and purpose of the foregoing remarks may be expressed, in conclusion, in the words of

two learned men, whose characters and attainments entitle them to speak with some authority on the subject of them. "That a new translation of the Bible, particularly of the Old Testament, is still wanted, I shall assume as a position generally agreed upon." (Geddes.) And, "Let the work of purifying and reforming what is amiss in the present edition of our Bible be fairly and honestly set about, and with that moderation and soberness of mind which the gravity of the subject requires, and I doubt not but we may safely disregard the suggestions of a narrow and timid policy, such as, if attended to, would equally on all occasions, by raising imaginary fears and unreasonable alarms, discountenance and obstruct the wisest and most salutary improvements that can possibly be devised." (Blayney.)

#### GALILEO AND THE CHURCH OF ROME.

THE infallible Pope, under the bondage of his infallibility, compelled Galileo to recant. Probably the Pope himself was well aware that he was compelling him to lie; but what mattered one more lie, in a world the very element of which was falsehood? At all events, Galileo knew that he was betraying the truth, which he had been chosen to proclaim to mankind. Had he been a German, had he been an Englishman, he could not have done so: even had he tried to utter the words, they would have "stuck in his throat." But having been bred up as an Italian, in an atmosphere of falsehood, he solaced himself with that bitter jest, which ought to have wrung his heart's blood from him, *e per si muove*. Must he not have felt, when he said this, as though the very foundations of the world were out of course, as though something still more solid than the earth were tottering under his feet? And what must have been his thoughts of God, whose arch-priest had forced him to utter this absolute falsehood?—of a God who was to be propitiated by lies about his works? We know, too, that this was not an insulated act, but a sample of a system, a link in a chain of falsehood, if such a chain or system can be. With good reason, then, might Barrow, who felt the preciousness of Truth, both scientific and religious, declare (Vol. I. p. 641, ed. 1716), "The greatest tyranny that ever was invented in the world, is the pretence of infallibility. For Dionysius and Phalaris did leave the mind free, pretending only to dispose of body and goods according to their will; but the Pope, not content to make us say and do what he pleaseth, will have us also to think so, denounceth his imprecations and spiritual menaces if we do not." Can any one look at the declaration by which the Jesuit editors of Newton disclaim *any* participation in his theories, without feeling that he has entered into the dominions of the father of lies?—Archdeacon HARE.



A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN AMERICA ON THE DECADENCE OF  
AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your last long letter, and for your thoughts upon those topics that must at present occupy the heart of every true American, viz., the political embarrassments in which your country is now involved, and the trials through which she has to pass before she reaches the height of greatness for which I have no doubt that Providence has destined her. I quite go along with you in your lamentations over the present and in your sanguine hopes as to the future, though my *grounds* for hope are not always quite the same as yours. On one point, however, I must differ from you altogether. I am quite sure you are wrong in your belief that there is any want of sympathy with, or appreciation of, the people of America on the part of their elder brethren on this side of the Atlantic. On the contrary, except on the two subjects of Slavery and Politics (large exceptions, I allow), you are a people whom we delight to honour; and such are the strong ties of race, friendship and interest between us, that our cordial tribute of admiration is more like an ebullition of national pride and egotism, than a generous expression of respect for the virtues of a foreign people. In the energy and sagacity with which all the hidden resources of your country are developed and all the paths of material prosperity pursued, you are altogether without a rival except among the race from which yourselves are sprung. All the natural elements of a nation's greatness you possess in more abounding richness than any community upon the earth. In your Northern states you have a population at least inferior to none in general education, in cultivated intellect and in moral virtue. You possess an immense advantage over older states in being entirely free from the hereditary diseases and absurdities of bygone ages. Though still in the years of a nation's youth, still the pioneers of civilization, still contending with material difficulties, and engaged in the work of creating a peopled and prosperous land out of a solitary wilderness,—you have already a literature of your own; your best authors are as well known in London as in Philadelphia; the works of your historians, poets, jurists and divines, are to be found side by side with those of England in every English library; and you have produced the most popular work, without exception or challenge, that ever issued from the press of any country in the world. Then, again, on the great subject of Religion you have not only produced great names, but you have brought to bear upon this theme a freshness of thought, a vigour, boldness and untrammelled freedom, which we of the old world hardly can bring to the consideration of it. You have been able to look at many aspects of the subject from a new point of view. Free from the

mists and tumult of the old world, you have been able to bring back to our thirsting spirits something of the old simplicity of our great Master, and to scatter some of the clouds, obscurity and earthliness, with which men's superstition and self-wisdom have during so many centuries gathered round it. I suppose there have been few men living in our time whose writings have had an influence at once so powerful and purifying upon so many minds both in England and America as Dr. Channing; and if I do not name others, it is not because such are not easily to be remembered, but only because that revered name is the one with whose mind my own has come most in contact, and from whose fountains of thought and feeling it has drunk most deeply.

On all these points, then, and many others, especially on those bearing on practical science, we gladly acknowledge your success and often indeed your superiority. We are glad to come to you as sympathizing brothers or as humble learners; and when we pass from these subjects to observe how far the qualities that we admire so warmly in every other walk of life are manifested in your political career, we still examine your proceedings with the same friendly eye, and acknowledge the same identity of race, sympathy and interest. But here a difficulty occurs which belongs, indeed, more or less to every nation which is composed of various races, and whose extent embraces a great variety of soil and climate, but which meet us in our survey of America far more than in any other country in the world. It is difficult to consider as *one* people a nation composed of such various elements, and of which the different portions present such very diverse conditions and characteristics. It is impossible to include in the same category the intellectual and highly-cultivated inhabitants of Boston or Philadelphia, and the rough pioneers and wild spirits of the West; or to speak of the active, intelligent, industrial, independent people of the free states of New England, as belonging to or as sharing the characteristics of the same people as the luxurious slave-owners of the Carolinas, or the cotton-planters of Alabama and Mississippi. These are far more divided from each other by interest, taste, character and pursuit, than are those Northern states from any portion of the population of Britain. Yet in speaking of the character or proceedings of the Americans, we are often obliged (and often do so when we are not obliged) to speak of them as *one people*, and to attribute to *all* the good or evil deeds of which the shame or the glory belong only to a few. Thus the light of Eastern civilization and morality is thrown in reflected rays upon the half-savage pioneers of the West; while the almost necessary irregularities, or the very unnecessary barbarities, of the latter, in their turn cast their shadow over the good and great men whom they claim for their countrymen and who cannot escape from the companionship. So, again, the curse of slavery, though belonging to and upheld only by the



South, yet breathes its malignant poison over the Northern states, where its existence is denounced, and where eternal war is proclaimed against its principle. The North and the South are one nation. They both belong to the American Union; they both share each other's glory and each other's shame; and while we speak of that which belongs only to a portion of the people, we include in one comprehensive category the whole united nation. This is often unjust; it is often, however, perfectly fair; but whether one or the other, it is inevitable.

And when we speak generally of the political condition, character and prospects of the Union, we are justified by every rule of right in so speaking of the whole Union together. In what I have to say, therefore, of the political tendencies of your country, I hope you will not think me unfair if I refuse to recognize these internal divisions and distinctions among yourselves, and speak of you, as indeed you always represent yourselves, as one great and united people.

We regard you, indeed, as I said before, less as a foreign nation than as a transatlantic portion of our own. The relations between the two countries have long been so intimate; the transactions between them so frequent, varied and important; the interests of both are so bound up together; the sympathy of race is yet so strong; the future conduct and career of either must have so direct and powerful a bearing on the fortunes of both,—that we now watch your proceedings with an interest and anxiety that we feel for none even of our nearest neighbours on our own continent of Europe. We follow the ups and downs of your politics almost as if they were our own. When your country moves forward along the natural path of her greatness, we cheer her on with our sympathy and admiration. When her course is evidently downward, we grieve over her backsliding. When we look at the dark stain that disfigures and obscures her greatness, we can hardly avoid being officious in our offers of help to aid her in wiping it away. When we remember what was once the moral greatness of her political life, we long to see her retrace her steps towards the high position which Washington bequeathed to her, and no more to let the statue of that great, good man look down upon them in the Capitol as a reproach to his degenerate countrymen, and as a living lamentation over the obsequies of that noble constitution which *he* left and which *they* have lost. If the shade of that man, the pride of *your* country, one of the brightest ornaments of *our* race, whose name is never pronounced by any individual on the wide continents of Europe and America but with love and veneration,—if the spirit of that Father of his country were to stand now in the Senate House of his own city, and listen there to the present political creed of the ruling majority of his countrymen, into what land would he believe himself to have been transplanted? Where would be

the America of 1783? He would look round for it in vain. He left those who were the first in the country for intelligence and virtue sitting on that chair which he once occupied, filling all the chief offices of government, and occupying in every state the most prominent position among their fellow-citizens. He would now find such men thrust into the retirement of private life, and all the roads to power so choked up with mire and dirt, that those who most respect their own character and their country's welfare will not walk through them. He would find at the head of the government a man whose name was never heard of till he was declared President of the Republic. He would find that great powers and high character had now become almost a disqualification for great responsibilities and for high office. He would find the administration of justice poisoned by the popular election for short periods of the greater number of the judges. He would find slavery extending indefinitely towards the South and West, instead of dying out, as he intended that it should do, till it was finally extinguished. He left to his countrymen a code of political morality of which the ruling principle was that they should do to others as they would themselves be done by. He would find the ruling majority of their descendants mad with the thirst of conquest and territorial aggrandizement, careless of solemn treaties, of previous possession, or of national rights. He left a franchise which, by requiring some qualification in the elector, guaranteed a certain superiority to wealth, intelligence and education. He would find a constituency in which the vote of Webster, Clay or Channing, has just as much value as the vote of the slave-hunter Tom Loker, and *no more*. He left a nation in which were harmoniously combined the various elements of society, and where superior rank, wealth and talents, assumed their natural position at the head of it. He would now find an unmitigated and despotic democracy, in which everything great, distinguished and superior, is ostracised; which declares all men equal, though Nature has pronounced in her broadest and clearest tones that they are all *unequal*; and where the whole power of the people is exerted to reduce all to one universal level, that level not being the elevation of the table-land or of the mountain, but the dull, low uniformity of the swamp.

I can assure you, my dear Friend, that neither I nor those in whose name I thus venture to speak, make these remarks, or such as these, upon the present political attitude of your country, in any cavilling or condemnatory spirit. It is in grief and disappointment that we mark the change gradually coming over your constitution. We are not old enough to have lived in the days of Washington, but we are old enough to remember a good deal of the country and of the constitution that he left, and we have a deep conviction that in every departure the people make from that constitution they are bartering away the secret of their own



greatness; while in their downward tendency towards the very extremes and extravagances of democracy, they are taking a course which that great man, if he could now behold it, would be the first to mourn over and condemn. We cannot help feeling that the political career of the American people *is* downwards; that their political character is lowering year by year; and while they advance, as they undoubtedly will do, in material prosperity, they are losing fast and surely the respect and admiration of mankind. If the same energy they display in the pursuit of the first could only be controlled and inspired by wisdom, justice and moderation, in the prosecution of their national policy, what limit would there be to their greatness, to their power, to their influence over the destiny of the world, to the respect towards them felt and acknowledged by every people under heaven? But *now*—the only portion of mankind who are watching their proceedings with delight are the enemies of freedom. To them it is triumph and exultation whenever they see liberty eclipsed behind a cloud—whenever they can detect democracy in the dirt—whenever they can point to a nation having neither king, emperor nor army, and shewing itself to be also without law, decency or order. To them it is joy to behold a republic whose first President was Washington, and whose latest has been—Pierce.

Is there no hope that the people of the United States may yet retrace their steps ere it be too late? Yes; while they remain such a people as they now are, there *is* hope. There are men among them, and those not a few, who could take a first place among the first nations in the world, and who have only to stand forward and assert their claim to their right position in order to obtain it. But while they fear to provoke a contest which they feel *must* come some day; while they allow the lowest of their countrymen to rule the best and the wisest; while 17,000,000 of Northern freemen permit 150,000 slave-holders of the South to overrule their councils and decide upon the great question that agitates their country from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; while the first men of America are the last, and the last, first;—so long shall clouds overshadow and obscure her greatness—so long shall she remain a beacon of warning, rather than a light of example and encouragement, to the older nations of the world.

But you will be weary, and perhaps angry, with this long tirade and lamentation, and will remind me that there is glass too in the house *I* live in, and that I have thrown stones enough against yours. Let me conclude before the shower rattles against my own panes.

Yours very truly,

January 2, 1857.

S. G.

# NIAGARA.

A POEM COMPOSED AT THE DRACHENFELS, ON THE RHINE, IN SEPTEMBER, 1856.

BY REV. E. G. HOLLAND.

THOU Genius of the Western world,  
Whose realm extends from sea to sea,  
Permit thy son in foreign lands  
To chant one hymn of praise to thee.  
Here, where the glorious Rhine flows by,—  
Here, where the mountains rise in power,—  
Here, where the distant Past draws nigh  
In many a broken wall and tower,—  
Let him from Memory's fountain bring  
To thee one fervent offering.

Thy voice of might, Niagara!  
Through which a world pours out its thought,  
And chants the greatness of a realm  
By nations formed, by nations sought!  
Oft have I stood before thy might,  
Oft gazed upon thy rainbowed form;  
At morning's dawn, at noon, at night,  
In sunshine fair and yet in storm,  
Have seen thy wild, mad torrents leap  
Adown thine awful rock-bound steep.

Who gave thy voice its thunder tone?  
Who built thy throne in sunless earth?  
Who wrote upon thy rocky walls  
Time's eras in successive birth?  
Who placed the bow above thy head,  
Thou Queen of Waters far and nigh,  
That as a conqueror thou might'st spread  
Thy waving banners to the sky?  
Ah! here, as when thy banks I trod,  
I hear thy torrents answer, "God!"

Thy river numbers many isles,\*  
And widely spreads its radiant breast,  
As from great Erie's treasure pours  
Thine ample waters full of rest.†  
Thy floods from many a lake have come,‡  
And ere they find their dread abyss  
Whose eddies whirl and waters foam  
In wild, unceasing dreariness,

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\* Between Lake Erie and the Cataract, the river numbers forty islands, large and small, and Iris Island divides the whole volume of its waters just before they descend into the abyss.

† For fifteen miles from Lake Erie the river spreads into a calm and lake-like scenery, scarcely descending as many feet.

‡ Lake Huron, St. Clair, Superior, Michigan and Lake Erie, are the sources of this powerful river.



They maddening roar and rush along\*  
To their wild leap and thunder-song.

So haste thy torrents on their way,  
Wildly tossed in heaps of foam—  
In earnest, anxious battle play,  
As heroes into battle come!  
And ere the crisis they have found,  
As if made wise by sudden fear,  
Thy waters narrow at the sound  
That loud proclaims the danger near;  
Then rush they to their dread abyss,  
All courage, action, eagerness!

Ere Man appeared as lord of earth,  
And took all Nature as his right,  
Thou in the silence of the wild  
Poured out thy song in grave delight;  
The bird flew o'er thy roaring flood,  
And cleaved thy soft and snow-white spray;  
The bison paused thy notes to hear,  
Then bounded through the wilds away.  
When Man was not, thy voice was strong,  
And Nature heard thy thunder-song.

But when thy voice drew men to hear  
The mighty words thy soul would speak,  
Who came to listen at thy feet?  
Did scholars first thy teachings seek?  
The wild man came, and was at home  
Amidst thy grandeurs deep and wild;  
For he through Nature's realm did roam,  
And was her free, unlettered child.  
He saw thy form, he heard thy lay,  
Then spake the word "Niagara!"†

Roar on, ye ceaseless giant flood!  
Beneath thy gorgeous arch descend,  
And spread thy wings in whitest spray,  
As ancient Time‡ his echoes blend  
With thy vast music of to-day!

\* The river Niagara, for one mile above the Cataract, flows over an extremely hard bed of limestone, and, thrown up by its uneven surface, the rapid waters move on to the precipice with amazing force, and in the wildest and most earnest activity imaginable. At the eastward, the fall by Table Rock is 165 feet deep, and on the American side it is more than 160. The river at the Cataract has narrowed itself three-fourths of a mile in breadth.

† An Indian name signifying thunder.

‡ The geological history of Niagara carries the imagination back into an antiquity too remote for realization. Land and water have often changed their places, and the great mountains of Europe and Asia were slowly formed beneath the sea, and thrown up as mountain chains, since the coralline limestone at the top of the precipice was formed. The river has dug its own deep channel, and when the Cataract, which is constantly receding toward Lake Erie, was at

Thou art the type of highest power  
 That e'er through bard or prophet spoke,—  
 A type of Inspiration's hour,  
 When God in man high music woke,  
 And poured through mortal lips the lay  
 Whose fiery glow died not away.

I heard thy song in golden days,  
 In autumn's calm and yellow hue,  
 In winter's cold and ice-bound reign,  
 And yet in summer's morning dew,  
 And ne'er didst thou appear the same.  
 When last I bowed me by thy side,  
 These words from out thy thunders came,  
 As rolled thy deep, majestic tide :

“I am the Voice  
 Of mighty Love,  
 A message new from heaven ;  
 To move, to stir the deep within,  
 My power to me was given :  
 I chant the glories of the mind,  
 I ope the spirit's strong-barred gate,  
 If there the slumbering god I find,  
 To shew him realm and sceptre great.

“I am the Voice  
 Of mighty Life,  
 Life that overflows,  
 Symbol of the potent strife  
 Truth triumphant knows.

CHORUS.

Come, Spirits of Heaven,  
 Strong Angels and fair,  
 To you it is given  
 My secret to share.  
 Cast sunbeams from your wings,  
 Bathe in gentlest spray,  
 Hover o'er my fountain springs,  
 Come as comes the day,  
 That when thy spheres are over all,  
 Spirit-like my scenes shall call.

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Queenston, seven miles below, it was sustained by a far loftier throne of rock than the one over which its waters now descend. At the Whirlpool, two and a half miles below the present precipice, it rested on an extremely hard basis of quartzose sandstone, where for ages the grand Wonder may have been stationary. There is pretty good evidence to believe that this river once flowed in another channel than the one it now occupies. The organic remains, such as the tusk of the mastodon found imbedded on Iris Island, and the fresh-water deposits also found there, with many other facts, make the phenomena most deeply interesting to the geologist, and he is impressed with a sublimity of Time not less grand than the sublimity of Scene that spreads out before his astonished senses.



"I am the Voice  
 Of mighty Truth;  
 I speak unto the Soul;  
 The Infinite, the All in thee,  
 Shall yet in grandeur roll.  
 Ah! men are weak,  
 Who might be strong,  
 And trifles move  
 The mass along;  
 God lies within,  
 Dark veiled by sin:  
 I would that spirit waken,  
 That god in slumbers taken.

"Arise, awake,  
 Thy sceptre take,  
 In Nature set thy throne;  
 Lord of the land,  
 Lord of the sea,  
 All things make thine own.  
 Creation is youth,  
 Is Life and is Truth;  
 The Soul that buildeth all  
 Makes it his palace hall.  
 To thee, O Man! do I rehearse,  
 There lies in thee a universe!

"I am the Voice  
 Of Freedom fair;  
 Come, all the world,  
 My world to share;  
 Fall every chain,  
 Break every band,  
 Harmony reign  
 O'er every land!  
 Justice be done  
 'Neath all the sun;  
 Nor slave nor tyrant shall there be  
 In realms intended for the free.  
 Be just, be pure, be brave, be strong,—  
 This chant I in my thunder-song!"

So sang to me Niagara,  
 As o'er its scenes I freely strayed,  
 When in my own, my native land,  
 Life's golden visions joyous played:  
 Now, far away, 'mid castles old,  
 And clouded like the Mount-borne tower,  
 I think me of the torrents bold  
 That spake these words of life and power,—  
 And over the ocean's storm and spray  
 I greet thee, loved Niagara!

## MR. GREG ON ENGLISH UNITARIANISM.

SIR,

I HAVE just been reading Mr. Tayler's letter in the December No. of the Christian Reformer, on the present state of English Unitarianism, as well as those from others of your correspondents which this letter has called forth. Among so many learned scholars and divines who seem inclined to take a part in the discussion, will it be thought presumptuous if a simple unlearned layman also ventures into the arena? He does not do so, indeed, with any hope of answering the proposed inquiry, of solving a problem which others are puzzling over, of setting this one right or proving that one wrong, or throwing any important light upon an entangled controversy. He comes simply with the desire of giving expression to thoughts which from time to time have long been before him in reference to these subjects, and which are intimately connected with others of a more general character, which for some years past have been awakening the deepest interest of the religious mind of England. He brings no scholarship, theological lore, or historical learning, but only comes to say what many unlearned laymen think, feel and want; what they desire, and seek for, but do not find; what neither Unitarianism nor any other present form of Christianity seems to offer them, and for want of which no existing form of it attracts their hearty love, sympathy or veneration.

What is the question proposed for solution? The cause of the present languid state of religion among us; the want of spiritual life, &c. The fact is admitted. Indeed there is no denying it. We are stationary, while other sects are progressive. While almost every Christian body but our own, except indeed the Quakers, are gradually extending as the population of the country increases, *we* remain, decaying perhaps in numbers, certainly decaying in life and in united organization. "Why," says Mr. Tayler, "is there so general a complaint of the languid condition of our institutions? Why are so many things started among us that come to no effect? Why are our meetings so often aimless and profitless?" The fact of our present most unsatisfactory condition all agree in; it is the remedy only that we are called upon to discuss.

What is the remedy proposed by Mr. Tayler? "My conviction, then, is, that our spiritual, and therefore social, weakness, as a *body*, results from the want of our common recognition of some definite, *positive* belief, as a vital centre of our manifold intellectual and sentimental divergencies." (P. 709.)

And again: "The first step is to revive and develop a deeper and more earnest religious life out of some *positive* principle in the heart of our own denomination." (P. 717.)

And again: "As I have said before and again repeat, the con-



dition of any successful result in these endeavours is, first, and before all things, the clear recognition of a common *positive* religious principle—the development of a *distinct religious consciousness*. This alone can give vitality, harmony and effect to any common deliberations.” (P. 718.)

And again: “We want a clearer and more vivid consciousness of our religious identity.” (P. 709.)

What exactly Mr. Tayler *means* by these expressions—“A vivid consciousness of our religious identity”—“the development of a distinct religious consciousness”—“the reviving of a more earnest religious life out of some positive principle,” &c., I am myself wholly at a loss to understand. I have no doubt they express some distinct idea living in his own mind; they convey none whatever to mine; and therefore I can form but a very imperfect opinion how far a remedy might be effectual, the terms and nature of which I am unable to comprehend.

But what is the broad fact as to the present religious condition of the Unitarian body? We all agree that it is extremely unsatisfactory. The mere divergence of opinion between the various members of the sect would be of small importance, or rather it would be of no importance at all. The thing that we want is *LIFE*, not *TRUTH*. We want to be warmed into vitality, not bound together by some creed or “*principle*.” You cannot make a living church out of a number of dead bodies, or of dead souls either, by *merely binding them together*, whatever be the bond of union. You must first give life to the individuals, and then you may unite them into a community. The question, then, is, How can this be done? How can this life be given? Must it be done by the joint operation of the whole collective body, or by the operation of the individuals on the inward life of each? I do not profess to solve the problem; but it does appear to me that neither Mr. Tayler, nor any of those who have followed him, have found the solution; or, if he has found it, he has so veiled his meaning in language whose significance I cannot penetrate, that I have been quite unable to discover it.

It appears to me that if we would understand the full extent of the evil we are discussing, and therefore the true nature of the remedy we are seeking, we must let our eye range far beyond the narrow limits of Unitarianism, and look at facts having a wider existence and principles of a more extended application. This deadness and indifference to religion that we complain of among our own body, is by no means peculiar or confined to our own body. The Church of England is suffering under the same malady. The Catholic Church, every other Church, if they were to speak out, would lament in similar terms the backsliding and lukewarmness of their children. It is the feature of the time: the earnestness of men about religion—their coldness and indifference towards all forms and manifestations of it. Among multitudes, indeed,

both of the educated and the poor, this indifference towards the form has extended to the religion itself. Among lawyers, artists, literati and artizans, men of science and men of the loom, utter indifference to religion, if not hostility to it, is now the state of mind of numbers upon this subject. But there are many who share the feeling of these men, though in very different degrees, as to the existing *forms*, but yield to none, even of the most zealous sectarians, in their deep reverence for, and earnest seeking after, the real substance and spirit of religion itself. This I believe to be the present state of mind among a very large proportion of thoughtful men among all sects and parties, and among men of no sect and of no party. These men are earnestly looking round for some one, some prophet of the day, who can express and interpret to themselves and to their fellow-men these felt wants, these struggling aspirations, these inward groanings, these cries that are answered by no echo, these questionings that find no answer. But the prophet comes not, the voice is not heard, and we go on, darkly wrestling with our ignorance, and expressing our desires for what we cannot find by our complaints and murmurings against those things that men offer us in the place of them. My own impression, however, is, that the public mind upon this subject *is not yet ripe for expression*. It does not know what its thoughts or wishes are, nor even exactly where its real difficulties lie. We are in a state of transition. We know what we do *not* want, but we cannot say precisely what we *do* want. We are dissatisfied with the religious institutions, creeds and interpretations that we see around us, or which are offered to our acceptance. We are dissatisfied with the ordinary treatment of religion altogether. We feel that, *so treated*, it is not to us what religion was meant to be to man. It does not give that satisfaction to our desires, that supply to our spiritual wants, that food for our souls, that clear vision of the relation of God to man, that firm, unwavering faith, which we seek, which our nature necessitates, and which we believe religion was intended to impart. If it does *not* impart this, then we feel that it does not, *for us*, perform the functions or fulfil the office of religion; in short, *it is not religion*. We feel the religious instinct strong within us; we feel a thirst and a necessity for religion; and we seek, with almost the earnestness of a *demand*, to have that thirst satisfied. When others offer to us something which they say will do all this, and we find on trial that it does *nothing* of all this, then we say, for us that is not religion. It comes before us in various ways. Sometimes, perhaps, in *this* form. There are moments—there are hours perhaps—there are times of suffering, times of sorrow, times when some deep wound has let into the darkness of our souls the light of some deep truth,—when some dark shadow, which no human eye seeth, spreads its pale, cold twilight over our inner being,—and when



He only who made the heart can read the silent language of its solitude and desolation. Now in such times we naturally seek in our reading (if we can read) for some thoughts that harmonize and sympathize with our own—something that can translate them into human language, and can help our struggling wings to soar upwards, so that the light of heaven may shine upon our darkness, and hallow our trials, and lift our sorrows or aspirations into the region where they become holy. How many are there among us who in such periods, when the heart is softened and broken up, as it were, so as to receive all gentle and heavenly influences, turn to this book or to that, or even perhaps go to some fellow-creature who professes to find *his* religion sufficient for all his needs,—and yet from all these we find nothing of that which we seek? The words of men, in such times of *real experience*, fall on the ear like the sounding brass or the tinkling cymbal; and we are sure either that those who speak them never felt the sorrows that we are bringing for consolation, or that the religion they offer must speak to them in some very different language from that in which it speaks to us.

Again: there are times probably in the experience of most men when the whole fabric of religion, when the very foundations of our faith, seem to be sinking away from under us like the ice that is breaking beneath our feet,—when our once certain trust in the reality of a future world is fading away like the visions of the cloud-land. There are times when the very *idea* of immortality melts in air like a dream of the morning, and some evil demon whispers in our ear, as if in mockery of our upward look,—"Child of earth! Dreamer of heaven! with every mark and evidence of mortality around thee, thou yet boastest that thou art immortal! While Death himself is knocking at the door, and tearing from thee everything beautiful and dear, everything thou wouldst fain grapple to thy soul for ever, thou art yet dreaming of a land where that death shall never enter, where tears shall be shed no more, where separations shall never come, and where love, life and joy shall be eternal!" As the sounds dwell upon the ear, darkness seems to fall upon the soul, and the silence of an eternal sepulchre spreads around us.

We say, "Who shall tell us?" We fly to seek for proofs of immortality. We go to the wise, to the good, to the learned. Each seems to say, "It is not in us." We turn to this system or to that, to this creed or to that. We find still the same answer—"It is not in us." Then we go to the feet of Him from whom had we been wise we should never have wandered, and we hear again his deep, calm voice, falling like the music of heaven upon our ear, "Where I am, there also shall my servant be." How can we ever let go such an anchor as this promise, in seeking for the proof of its authority at the hands of MEN?

And then comes that great question which is perplexing na-

tions,—What *did* Christ say? What did he mean by what he said? What did he say which is *not* recorded, which might throw light upon that which *is* recorded? As to what Christ did say, we once thought we knew. We once thought we had only to open the Gospels, and we should there find. We are now told that we know very little about it. And as to what he meant, there are those among us who think that Mr. ——— or Mr. ———, in our own Unitarian body, in the year 1857, could tell us much better than either Paul or John could do. Well may we pause and start and grow cold—well may we be lukewarm Unitarians, when apostles are held so cheap, and when he who once lay upon Christ's bosom is thus talked about, 1800 years afterwards, by young aspirants to his Master's ministry. But passing such by, hoping that as they grow older their organ of veneration will be more developed, and that in the mean time they will talk as little as possible, we still recur to the questions we have above referred to,—What *did* Christ say, and what did he mean by what he said? Here wise and learned men may help us; here is the proper place for the scholar and the theologian. Here *some* light may yet be thrown by inquiry and investigation. And this is being now given. But to many of us there is a still more important and interesting question: What would Christ say if he were *now* among us—*here* in England—*now*, in the middle of the 19th century? If the voice of John the Baptist were heard to-morrow crying on the banks of the Thames instead of the wilderness of the Jordan, in what terms would he deliver his message? If our Great Master himself were to sit on Primrose Hill instead of the Mount of Beatitudes in Galilee, in what language would he address the multitudes that would flock around to listen to him? How would he apply his precepts? By what images would he illustrate his spirit and his doctrine? What national vices would he warn his hearers to shun? What peculiar virtues would he recommend and enforce? What replies would he give to each inquirer after the road that leadeth unto life? If he described the day of judgment, would he do so under the same image and with the same supposed accessories as when he pictured that awful scene to the imaginations of his Jewish hearers? When he spoke of heaven, would he speak of it as St. John shadows it forth in the Revelation? Again: if each class of men or of minds were to come to him with the same question that the publicans and soldiers and others put to John the Baptist, "And what shall *we* do?"—how would he answer each? What would he say to the scribes and pharisees of the Stock Exchange? How would he apply his principles to the pursuits of the merchant, the lawyer, the soldier and the statesman? How would he teach the first of these to grow rich without ever forgetting the great rule of doing as he would be done by? How would he instruct the second to pursue the work of his



calling without ever straining his conscience, or distorting truth, or perverting justice? How would he tell the soldier—or WOULD he tell him?—that he might remain his servant and yet go forth to do battle against his fellow-man,—that he might come back to his tent at even from the field of slaughter, and, with a hand red with a brother's blood, might open the sacred volume, and might there read without compunction the words of love, and peace, and long suffering, and non-resistance to violence, that once fell from the lips of his Divine Master? How would he instruct the inquiring statesman to rule the destinies of his country with the wisdom of the world's experience and yet in accordance with the high morality of the Christian law,—how he might maintain its honour, secure its rights and promote its interests, without ever violating the principles of justice, mercy and forbearance? These are the questions to which we seek an answer. For we must remember that the state of society and all the conditions of life are very different in England at the present day from what they were in Judea or Galilee when our Saviour dwelt there, and that the individual position and character of Englishmen are as unlike those of the people he addressed. All the various trials, sorrows, difficulties, conflicting duties, endless complications, which belong to a state of wealth, intelligence and high civilization, all have to be provided for; and the application to all these of the simple precepts and pure spirit of Christianity is the problem of the country and the age. How Christ himself would meet all these, is the question for which we desire an answer, and this answer is precisely the thing which it appears to me our religious instructors have to seek and to make known. For if we deal with Christianity only as it appeared to the Jewish converts, we are dealing only with a matter of history. When we seek *a religion*, it must be something belonging to our own day and our own land; it must come home to our own wants, to our own hearts, to our own experience. We want a religion that we shall not only find in the church, but which shall follow us to the market, to the workshop, to the exchange, to the field and to the senate. We want a religion whose worship we shall celebrate on the Sunday, and which we shall remember and act upon when we are making a bargain with a fellow-man upon the Monday. We want a religion that shall make a devout worshiper in the temple, and a Good Samaritan on the highway,—that shall lift a man's soul towards the heaven to which he is journeying, and at the same time teach him how best to do his duty in the active business of the world in which he is dwelling.

Well, now, it appears to me that there are subjects here which, if treated in a manner in any degree corresponding to their deep interest, magnitude and importance, and if so felt by the listener as by the preacher, might surely *do something* towards giving us that life and warmth that we are seeking, towards enabling us to shake off this apathy that is oppressing us, and

enabling us to shew that we have a faith capable of rousing our inmost souls, and worth striving for, and working for, and living for. But then we must approach these subjects under a deep sense of their true nature. When our ministers speak of them, it must not be "in word, *but in power*." Mere critical dissertations will not do. Elegant essays upon the various virtues or vices, the various creeds or weaknesses of men, will not do. Self-glorification of Unitarians and Unitarianism will not do. Nor will those more powerful compositions, marked indeed by their rich thought and profound philosophy, by their learning, their intellectual vigour and their courageous spirit, but in which unfortunately all these merits are veiled in a peculiarity of language which those only who by long familiarity have obtained the key to it can understand. These may and do find acceptance among highly educated and thoughtful men, among scholars and dwellers in the universities; and among such, these writers and preachers have done incalculable good in breaking down the barriers of prejudice, in forcing truth upon the acceptance of half-unwilling minds, in stripping inanities of the drapery that had covered their nakedness, and in opening communication between the sincere inquirers after truth among every different sect, school and party. But to rouse the inert masses of mankind we must fire lower;—our aim must be simple and intelligible—and our style both of thought and language must be plain, broad, downright, honest Saxon. So speak, with fire and *with power*, and speak upon such subjects as those I have above referred to, and you will be in no want of eager listeners, nor hear so many murmurings against the coldness, deadness and unimpressible nature of the people. Or if they who have so long *heard*, without *listening*, be still impassive, then go out into the highways and hedges, and you will find hearers there. The example of Mr. Spurgeon's preaching should not be passed by as a phenomenon of no importance or significance. It shews, as many other signs have shewn, that there is no want of interest upon the subject of religion if only the right chord be struck. And though none of us will wish our ministers to be like Mr. Spurgeon, they and we may take a lesson and learn a fact from the marvellous interest which can collect 10,000 persons upon one spot, Sunday after Sunday, to hear a man discourse to them upon the condition and prospects of their souls.

But I must conclude—not, I fear, before I have wearied both yourself and your readers. The subject is indeed by no means exhausted, but I have certainly exhausted the space that I can fairly ask to be allotted to my individual thoughts upon it.

I have written hurriedly, that I might be in time for your next number. I fear there may therefore be many marks of carelessness and haste in what I have written. I must entreat your excuse for these, and remain, yours very truly,

January 6th.

S. GREG.



## ON THE PRINCIPLE OF CHRISTIAN UNION.

MY DEAR SIR,

My expectation that the subject broached in the last of my communications from Heidelberg, would, from its own importance, lead to some discussion in your pages, has not been disappointed; and I rejoice at the fact, because I am persuaded that good will be the result. Men's first utterances of a thought which has taken strong possession of their minds, and which, though it may not yet have attained its perfect clearness even to themselves, they are nevertheless certain does contain an element of truth,—are inevitably at some point or other indistinct and loose; and it is only through friendly controversy with earnest minds intent on the same object, that they perceive what is wanting, and are enabled gradually to develop the vague, and explain the obscure, and supply the defective. I owe some valuable hint to each of your four correspondents; but my obligations are especially due to Mr. Gordon, for having placed in so clear a light, the misconception which might easily arise of the real nature of my views, and of the objects which I desire to see attained. Thoughts lie in the minds of their authors interwoven with conditions and limitations that seem inherent in them; and it is only when we learn how others have been unconscious of them, that we find it necessary to express distinctly, what we assumed was implied and would be at once understood.

My friend from the North conceives that he has put me in this dilemma,—that by making the acceptance of the life of Christ, as a divine type of human religiousness, the bond of Christian communion, I either propose nothing which is not already virtually recognized in every Unitarian congregation, and therefore my proposal is gratuitous; or else must mean the erection of this acceptance into a formal creed, expressed in words and made binding as a condition of church fellowship; in which case I infringe on the very liberty for which I am contending, and introduce in *overt act*, though in relation to another aspect of Christianity, the same restriction on thought, of which I already deplore the *tacit, virtual* existence in a dogmatic Unitarianism. Now, I do not admit this dilemma. I abjure all written, compulsory creeds of whatever kind; and yet I am still of opinion, that the free acceptance and earnest realization, from spontaneous sympathy, of the bond of union which I have indicated, *is* something more than what has hitherto been prominently recognized and acted upon in the churches holding the form of Unitarian doctrine which was most widely diffused in this country during the earlier part of the present century. To prevent, at the outset, any further misconception of my opinions on another topic, let

me here say once for all, that I neither ignore nor undervalue the great doctrines of the absolute oneness and fatherly character of God. On the contrary, I regard them as all-important. The evidence for these fundamental truths seems to me unassailable, whether viewed in the light of reason, or gathered from the consenting testimony of the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, or furnished by the inward witness of the human soul; and I would have them fearlessly asserted against prevailing errors, on all fitting occasions. Unitarianism in this broad sense has been from my earliest exercise of thought on religion, and still is, the object of my firmest belief; and, now on the verge of sixty, I hope and believe it will remain an inward source of strength and peace to my dying day. I think, however, that if these doctrines had been placed in a somewhat different relation to other doctrines (as I shall attempt to shew presently), Unitarianism might have had, or at least might have shewn, more spiritual vitality, and would have encountered less prejudice and opposition from really pious and earnest minds. Having thus, I trust, freed myself from any imputations I might otherwise incur, either of hankering after a creed, or of indifference to any part of Christian truth, I proceed now to justify the view which I put forth in my last letter, and in which I seem to myself to discern an indication of the means and conditions of a spiritual renovation in our churches.

I suppose we are all agreed, that no religious association can endure and fructify without some conscious bond of union—some deep-felt participation in sympathies and convictions which suggest objects of common interest, and supply the motives and principles of joint action. We are further agreed, that the sympathies and convictions which bind men religiously together, must be free, living, spontaneous, not artificially set up in an outward, definite form to *attract* men, but tacitly felt and recognized between those who are *already mutually attracted*; and therefore, for the very reason that they are so felt and recognized, not requiring to be formally expressed. In the changes which come over large bodies of men, what was once a bond of union between them, loses its vital energy and compactness, and dissolves into its elements, some of which have become faint and weak, while others remain stronger than ever. In this condition of things, a momentary pause and retrospect seems desirable, to consider the somewhat new spiritual relations towards each other into which men have unconsciously passed, and, by calling them up vividly before the mind, to deepen the consciousness of principles which are still held in common, and which furnish the binding force of a common religious life. My belief is, that our churches have now arrived at that state, in which their members can be more closely and vitally held together by the recognition of some great type of practical religion, such as the life and death of Jesus Christ, which commands our sympathies

and our convictions at once, and permits the association with itself of such doctrines only as are in living harmony with it,—than by the adoption of any speculative combination of dogmas, however metaphysically unobjectionable, which *directly* engages the intellect, and only *indirectly* touches the conscience and the heart.

I shall perhaps make myself more clearly understood by declaring beforehand, that my whole religious philosophy proceeds on the assumption, that God is continually present with, and immanent in, his creation, and that, subject to the immutable conditions of moral fitness and capacity, he especially reveals himself through the minds and lives of holy and pious men. It is to me only the climax and consummation of a more general principle, pervading the entire spiritual economy of the world, when I hold that the fatherly wisdom and goodness of God were, in a pre-eminent and peculiar manner, manifested in the person and work and whole life of Christ. To all devout and earnest natures, the spirit which is ever flowing from the eternal Source of holiness and truth, is imparted in various measures of clearness and intensity, as they are able to receive it; to Christ, for the moral and spiritual purposes of his mission, it was given without measure. This fact—the presence of God in Christ—I regard as the specific distinction of Christianity, filling up the chasm which the older dispensation and natural religion had left between God and man, and throwing across it a new and living way of direct and constant access to the Father—all true Christians being one with Christ, and through him one with God. So conceived, the popular doctrine of the incarnation—ὁ λόγος σὰρξ ἐγένετο—however disfigured and materialised, expresses at bottom a great truth. Out of this fundamentally true conception, the hypostatising tendencies inherited from the Alexandrine philosophy in the first centuries of the Christian era, elaborated step by step the contradictions and perplexities, at once asserting and denying the unity of the divine and human natures in Christ, which found their final and completed expression in the Athanasian symbol. It was necessary, for the recovery of the genuine gospel of Christ, to break in pieces this crystallized mass of absurdity, and let out the living water of truth that was shut up within it. It was indispensable to human progress, that Christ should be restored to his proper relation to the one only God and Father of us all, as the perfect type of a religious manhood—in will and life, though not in incommunicable essence, one with God. But it was inevitable that in the effort to uproot a strong and tenacious orthodoxy and to revert to primitive simplicity, the polemical and dialectic faculties should be excited to disproportionate activity, some elements of Christian belief be raised for the time into undue prominence, and others, of equal if not of greater importance, be cast momenta-



rily into undeserved obscurity. It was necessary, for the satisfaction of the intellect, to maintain in the plainest and most unambiguous terms the simple humanity of Christ and the unapproachable supremacy of God; but for the religious contentment of the soul, it was still more necessary to dwell on Christ's spiritual oneness with God, and to cherish the belief that God was intimately present with him in word and deed; for it is this belief which gives substance and vitality to our Christianity, and distinguishes it from mere Deism. The course of controversy through which our churches have passed (unavoidably, I freely admit), and the sort of stereotyped Unitarianism which at one time,—in full accordance, no doubt, with the honest convictions of those who preached it, though less now than formerly,—was set up in them, have had the effect, I cannot but believe (and in saying this, I mean not to cast the slightest breath of censure on the outspoken and noble-minded men who preceded us in the warfare with error), of too much diverting attention from the central work and interior sentiment of Christianity, as a principle of spiritual life, to the metaphysics of the doctrines which are clustered, as it were, around its outer rim, and, as conceived and interpreted by different schools of thought, indicate its relation to the great world of philosophic speculation which lies outside and beyond it. I do not say that such a tendency of ideas may not have been useful and even necessary to the development of opinion; I only contend that its influence threw for the time inevitably a sort of chill on the properly *religious* affections at once of those who attacked and of those who defended the established orthodoxy. It placed them in such a one-sided relation towards each other, that they were half-blinded to the truth which they possessed in common, and could not grasp the many points of strong practical interest and spiritual relationship which they still shared between them. The time for this state of mutual antagonism among churches has now, I would fain persuade myself, passed away, or nearly so; at least if it be still in any quarter needful or unavoidable, I believe it will be most advantageously maintained by taking up our position in practical Christianity. Good men often find it difficult to understand one another from a doctrinal point of view; for the human intellect is cast in many moulds, though the human heart and the human conscience are ever one. But when they descend from their respective heights of speculation to the common field of Christian work, and feel whatever is best and noblest within them drawn out by common reverence and sympathy for the life in which they all believe that the Spirit of God was in a pre-eminent manner present and operative, they are conscious of a spiritual affinity which softens down their previous prejudices and suspicions, and find themselves at a centre from which they can look out together on their distinguishing points of opinion, and trace the relation be-

tween them, and learn to estimate them more clearly at their true value.

I am far from meaning to assert, that modern Unitarianism does not involve every one of the essential elements of Christian truth and Christian holiness; I fully believe it does; but it strikes me that it does not altogether arrange them in their proper relations to each other, and that it lays, if I may so express myself, the emphasis of them in the wrong place. If I do not misapprehend it, it begins with first convincing the reason, and proceeds through that to influence the heart and the will. I cannot help thinking that we have the authority of Christ's own example for saying, that this order should be reversed—that the inward source of our moral life must first be touched, and then the intellectual or doctrinal result be left to be developed by the individual reason in such a form as may best satisfy its wants and fill its capacity. Men are often influenced in their opinions by the results of their personal experience. I was brought up in the persuasion—which in my youth was, I believe, the prevalent one—that the great object of Christianity, that which gave it its special value as a revelation, was to establish the doctrine of a future life by Christ's bodily resurrection from the grave. When, however, on quitting college, I sate down to study the New Testament for myself, I began to perceive, as I thought, that this was not the principal object of Christ's mission, but rather to introduce and set up among men a kingdom of God, of which an outline and intimation had long been given in the prophetic teachings, and which presupposed and included within it a ζωὴ αἰώνιος, or imperishable spiritual relation towards God, embracing life on this side and beyond the grave. The conditions of entrance into this kingdom—in other words, of becoming a Christian—were all, it struck me, *spiritual*,—the sense of sin stirred up in the soul by the force of a prophetic word—penitence, or thorough mental change, *μέτανοια*—faith, or recognition of the divine that was in Christ—self-renunciation for the attainment of oneness with Christ and God. Christianity seemed to me, therefore, essentially a process of spiritual renovation, outwardly manifested in fruits of holiness and love, and only so far a dogma as the consciousness of this inward change and the carrying on of this spiritual work implied and presupposed the conception of corresponding relations towards Christ and God. For this reason I have ever felt that the religious acceptance of the life of Christ—as a life truly divine, recognized as such by the sure witness of our own spiritual consciousness—must be the first step in Christian belief, without which all appeals to mere reason and all arguments drawn from history and criticism would be ineffectual; and that consequently the adoption of this fact, which speaks directly to the religious feeling and experience of all human souls, rather than

of any dogma which would be open to various construction from different intellects, was the fittest bond of union in the present state of Christian churches for comprehensive Christian association. The doctrines of the Unity, the Supremacy and the Paternal character of God, would have nothing to fear from this constitution of our ecclesiastical relations; for the more deeply any one penetrated into the inner life of Christ, and felt its endless applications of correction and healing to his own human life, the more profoundly must he be convinced that Christ himself was intensely human, humanity in its purest and most perfect expression—that his wisdom as our wisdom, his strength as our strength, though in infinitely larger measures to him than to us, came down from the same exhaustless Source, and that that Source was Love.

It has been objected, that the acceptance of the life of Christ in the sense indicated does not embrace the whole of Christianity. I am quite aware of that; no individual's faith could remain in that single fact alone. But we are looking for the common element of many individual faiths—that which may serve as a bond of vital union and an object of interest and sympathy for them all. Starting from this common ground, every earnest, thoughtful Christian will strive to work out his convictions into completeness and consistency for himself. Though springing from a common root, the faiths of individuals will be endlessly diversified in detail—the more diversified, the more reflective and conscientious they are. I have, therefore, in my search after a common binding principle, left out whatever might be fairly open to doubt or question among Christians, or might be differently conceived by different minds; though all these points must be embraced or disposed of in every completed system of individual belief. Thus I have passed over the question of miracles, not because I ignore them, for I have never yet seen any approach to the possibility of eliminating them from the narrative of the New Testament, and leaving a particle of consistent texture behind; but because I can well conceive, that a man might have a profound religious veneration for Jesus Christ, and even truly regard him as a Teacher sent from God, and yet not have made up his mind in what manner to deal with the miraculous recorded in his history; and because I think this is just one of those speculative difficulties which should not be gratuitously thrown in the way of a man's spiritual approach to Christ and God.

The life of Christ includes the death of Christ, and the fact, if we go no further, of the profound belief of the apostles in his resurrection and ascension. But this fact I have not included in my common principle; not because I question the reality of a resurrection; for the conduct of the apostles shortly after the crucifixion, their entire change of view and feeling towards their Master and his mission, is to me inexplicable (if there be



any truth at all in their history) except on the supposition, that they must have had some evidence of their Lord's perpetuated existence and continual presence with them, transcending the ordinary conditions of human intercourse with the spiritual world; but because this, again, is one of those questions not unattended with difficulties—as, for instance, whether the resurrection was literally a bodily one, or rather a manifestation to the spiritual sense, though still real and objective—which every Christian must be left to settle for himself. The presentation of the fact in a particular form as indispensable to the acceptance of Christianity, might rather repel faith than render it more clear, firm and definite.

Mr. Gordon (p. 26, January, 1857) thinks the principle of union which I am advocating, is quite as weak and indefinite as the dim doctrinal consciousness which now holds us together. It is general, I admit; and so it must be, because it is the central point of the most varied forms of Christian consciousness; but vague and indefinite I cannot allow it to be. A child or a peasant, when the religious sensibilities are at all opened, feels at once the beauty and grandeur of Christ's life; and the most cultivated moral nature experiences a satisfaction of precisely the same kind, only in a higher degree, on contemplating it. The indescribable divinity which invests it, appeals directly and with irresistible force to the religious instinct of the soul. It is preserved from the vagueness which my friend imputes to it, and which does attach to all abstract ideas and metaphysical conceptions, by its susceptibility of immediate reduction to a practical test. We compare the spirit of Christ with the spirit of pride and selfishness and carnality which prevail in the world, and we have no difficulty in conceiving what a blessed change would come over our own condition and that of all our fellow-men, if this spirit could vanquish the opposing one and become everywhere ascendant.

I attach no importance to names, if we can only get the right spirit to work under them. That would soon qualify their meaning. Let the old names Presbyterian and Unitarian remain, where they have once strongly rooted themselves. New names are then only desirable when new things have to be expressed; and as we are now speaking not of violent but of gradual change, not of revolution but of growth and development, I altogether disapprove of the new designations which Mr. Freeman and Mr. Solly have suggested. The name Unitarian is now what our neighbours would call *un fait accompli*, and there is no help for it. As a fact, however, from the philosophical and political associations which have gathered round it, it cannot, I think, be denied, that it has injured us as a religious body, and prevented some earnest though delicate and sensitive natures from openly joining us. I like the name Presbyterian from the historical

traditions which attach to it, and for the free and generous principles of which since the Revolution it has been the symbol. It has no other significance, I admit; but this is a noble one; and had it been practicable, it would have been well for us to have kept the broad and catholic position which it represents, and to have treated every form of doctrinal opinion which might for the time be in the ascendant, whether Arian, Sabellian or Unitarian, as a simple result of the fearless application of the mental freedom which is our ancient heritage. I do not see what substantial advantage we gained by substituting a doctrine for a principle as our bond of union—the half-philosophic, half-scriptural, doctrine of modern Unitarianism, for the old principle of the sufficiency of Scripture. The poet Rogers, who never disowned his Presbyterian descent nor ceased to the last to speak of himself as a Dissenter, was accustomed to observe, as I have learned from a near connection, that he had marked the gradual decline of our churches in social influence and position, from the day that they took to themselves the name of Unitarian. In expressing a predilection for the term Protestant Dissenter, I simply had reference to the desirableness of uniting all the descendants and representatives of the men who preferred conscience to conformity, in a common effort to maintain the interests of sound and free learning, and to assert their ancient franchises against the encroachments of the hierarchy, and of keeping up vividly in the popular mind those historical memories which put such a soul into large bodies of men and exert such an ennobling influence on the tone of public feeling. Could this name have been identified, as it might have been, with learning and liberty and the unsectarian education of the people, it would have become one of the most respectable in our country, and no one who, like a Lindsey or a Wakefield, had been compelled by conscientious scruples to abandon the Establishment, would have felt dishonoured or in any way misnamed by assuming it.

I am not (as one of your correspondents objects, p. 53) a favourer of the State Church as it exists; I would have it thoroughly reformed: nor am I prepared to say, that in a new country, peopled by various sects, I would create an Establishment. But the Anglican Church is an historical fact, closely interwoven with all the fibres of our complex constitution; and we must deal with it as such. Among the indirect benefits derivable from it, we must not overlook the high standard of literary culture which it holds up before us, and which reacts, not without salutary effect, on the condition of Nonconformity. For there is certainly some danger at the present day—and that danger would be increased were the rivalry of the Establishment entirely withdrawn—lest all deep and thorough learning should fall into decay, through the excessive tendency to popularize everything, and mere facility of talk, with superficial knowledge

picked up at second-hand, should supersede the higher endowments of eloquence and scholarship.

I disapprove, as strongly as Mr. Gordon, of all synodal action such as we have too often seen it in the history of sects and churches; but I do not share in his apprehension of its possible recurrence in this form among us. With an absence of all creeds, with the congregational independence of our individual churches effectually guaranteed and unassailably fenced in by a clear and well-defined constitution, and with a predominant infusion of the lay element in all our public assemblies,—I do not see that any evil could possibly result from the free discussion of the various practical objects indicated in my last, at periodical meetings composed of deputies from our different churches scattered over the face of the country. Of course I presuppose as the condition of all useful effect, the action of a strong religious spirit, and the fermentation under it of a deep religious life; but these preliminaries being implied, and objects of real interest and importance engaging the attention, such re-unions might prevent the isolation and soulless apathy in which so many of our churches are silently wasting away, would quicken zeal and energy by a free exchange of thought and an honest antagonism of opinion, and tend to the cultivation of a manly, earnest and popular eloquence, such as is found more or less in all other sects and churches, but among us has scarcely an incipient existence from the want of occasions for its exercise.

J. J. TAYLER.

*Chorlton Abbey, Manchester, January 6th, 1857.*

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#### THE MARIAN MARTYRS.

THE astounding number of 188 persons suffered death by fire! The sad details of the deaths of many of them are familiar to every one; but there is a concentration of horror in a simple passage of one of Sir W. Cecil's *Diaries*, which brings home to one's mind the astounding wickedness of such a state of things more forcibly than the most laboured description. The entry is under the date of June 1558, and the words are, "NOW BURNING IN SMITHFIELD SEVEN IN ONE FIRE!" It seems as if the cautious statesman had, by some chance, caught a passing glimpse of the hideous sacrifice, and, terror-stricken at the sight, had rushed to his house in Cannon Row, where, while his mind was excited by the act of desperate wickedness which he had beheld, he at once registered the awful fact in his table-book. "They were the heretics," to adopt the language of Shakespeare, who has been sometimes thought to have been a Romanist, "who made the fire; not they who burnt in it."—*Edinburgh Review*.



## A MINISTER'S RETROSPECT.

## CHAPTER I.

## AN OLD MAN'S ARM-CHAIR.

I NEVER liked an arm-chair till lately. When I was young, it seemed to constrain one's freedom, and I thought it looked lazy. In middle life (and but middling fortunes) I feared it would wear out my black coat sleeves too fast. But from seventy and upwards the case has been different. I sit in my warm dressing-gown oftener than in my black coat, and I feel the comfort both of it and the arm-chair.

And it is a real arm-chair, this of mine. It is somewhat antique in style (for it is just my own age), being an heirloom in the family. It is low-seated, and the arms are low and flat at the top, which is comfortable to the human arms laid upon them; and, for a chair of its date, the back is not very perpendicular. With the addition of a little modern stuffing which it has received to adapt it to our advanced knowledge of the human figure, and of the correlative points (or curves rather) in a chair, I would not exchange it for any Regent-Street specimen of newest design, *plus* spring cushions and air cushions *ad libitum*.

Well, then, here I sit a great part of the day, and read by the hour; then think, perhaps, for the next hour; and ruminate, it may be, a third. Retired from active duty at the command of increasing infirmities of body, I thank the good God who still gives me a clear mind and happy heart, with all the best blessings of an old man's home around me. Sitting in this arm-chair, how often do I find my thoughts running back over the past! It is the delight of my quiet evening to call up the busy morning and noon of my days. I cannot understand the feeling which makes some persons look back at the past with regret. I hope it is not through an obtuse conscience that I say it,—but I have nothing to regret in the past. Thank God, I have not to look back upon a vicious youth, or any serious moral faults in mature life; and I therefore do not affect to call myself the chief of sinners, or a brand plucked from the burning, or any such prodigy of conversion. I rather say, with deep gratitude, I am a favoured one among the beneficiaries of God's good providence. It is a simple fact, for which I bless the memory of my parentage and early home, that "I feared the Lord from my youth."

Life has not, indeed, been all joy to me by any means;—no more so than to others. Many have been my trials, personal, domestic, and also,—chiefly I might perhaps say,—in the way of my loved and honoured calling. But memory shades the harsher lines most kindly; and, like other old men, I am fond not only of thinking about the past, but talking of it.

I never meant, however, to write about it till my dear, loving daughter Mary, who lives with me and takes the gentlest care of me, put me up to it a few days ago in the way following :

"Have you heard, dearest daddie" (she calls me so, I believe, when I look particularly amiable)—"have you read or heard of the last groans from the camp?"

"What, my darling! is there some defeat in the Crimea,\* or some new pestilence in some other Varna? What is it? I have not heard."

"Oh! you don't *take*, you don't *take*, dear daddie! What a poor hand I must be at a witticism! I mean *our* camp, the Unitarian camp spiritual, where our forces are ever on the eve, apparently, of some great exploit against the Pope, or else the Trinity, or perhaps against Chartism or Atheism, or perhaps—perhaps—against Sin and Sorrow. And, for my part, I wish these last great foes may prove to be their destination. But, meanwhile, our special correspondents, armed with goose-quill and foolscap, are amusing themselves, and distressing the sensitive portion of their readers, with stories of pestilence and misery. Theirs are the groans I meant, and also the miserable croakings and grunblings of Mr. Blank and Mr. Anonymous in last week's *Sybilline Leaves*. They seem to be bidding for the command of our forces, while all their talk to their imaginary regiments is, 'No hope, my boys! The enemy are too strong for us. In fact, if the truth may be spoken, they are, in a certain sense, in the right in the great quarrel between us, and we in the wrong. At least, it is only candid on our part to confess to them their strongest points and shew them our weakest; and if they should not, in return, be so obliging as to shew us where we are strong and they are weak, there seems to be nothing left for us but to give up the contest.' So our would-be leaders seem to say."

"My naughty little Polly! I see what you mean. He's a wicked wag, that anonymous correspondent. And I only wish those who undertake to enlighten the world as to the merits and demerits, the importance and the unimportance, of the Unitarian controversy, and the influence of the Unitarian body in society at the present moment, could first go through a little of the work I have had to do, know its difficulties for themselves, and its encouragements and satisfactions too, its toils and its blessedness,—and they would then be content, perhaps, if still some years short of my age, to go on working instead of talking and scribbling."

"Ah, dear dad!" (my brisk little Polly could not stop to say daddie), "I have it! I know just what we'll do. We'll make

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\* The Editor will see by this mark of time how long my narrative has been on hand. It is not yet quite finished when I venture to send him the earlier chapters.

*you* write, and set *them* to work;—the best thing for both parties, and for the Unitarian body in general. You shall write a full, true and particular account of your active, cheery, useful life from the beginning to this very time of our sitting down before Sebastopol\* and—doing nothing. As you sit in that dear old arm-chair, you often drop out things of long ago,—things that you have done and things that you could not do (though you tried your best, I know), and things that you have enjoyed and things that you have mourned for; and all with such a cheerful, healthy heart of yours, my own dear father, that it does me good to hear them, and makes me feel strong and happy in my little troubles and difficulties;—don't you wonder what those can be? And when we were all children together (you never sat in an arm-chair in those days), you used to amuse us with many a story of your own childish and boyish days, among all your many brothers and sisters. So I think you could tell a very pretty story for boys and girls in Part I. of your Life, and a very useful one for grown-up Unitarians, whether zealous or drowsy, hopeful or desponding, Old school or New, critical or spiritual, whether crotchety and grumbling or practical and persevering, in your Part II. For I should think you never desponded, though you have told us of many sad discouragements and trials in your ministry; and I believe your feelings were never soured either by opposition meeting you or by faint-hearted friends failing you."

"My Polly loves her father far too well to think otherwise. But indeed, dearest, you say right. I have enjoyed a cheerful heart in working, and it has enabled me also to make the best of what I could not otherwise mend. I look back upon a pretty long life of active service in the Unitarian ministry with the deliberate feeling that, if I could go back to the beginning again and choose afresh, I would choose what I have had to do. If Tom had been disposed to go into the ministry, I should have been pleased with his choice. I would indeed have told him freely and fully all the worst trials that he would probably have to contend with (for I would have no one undertake the work blindly, through however generous and noble impulses), and then, if his inclination had still remained in the same direction, I would have encouraged him to devote his whole soul to so noble and really useful and hopeful a work. I should have been glad to think that in one respect (of some practical importance to a minister's independence and consequent usefulness) I could have made him an abler minister than in my early days I was, by setting him partially free from extra-professional toil for mere bread

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\* My daughter is one of those very brisk politicians who (till the fall of Sebastopol) were rather apt to think the Allies took a long time about it. I believe she was better satisfied afterwards, though she still thinks the Peace a "piece of patchwork."



and cheese. Tom, however, has chosen business life, and I am far better pleased to see him carrying the high principles of his family inheritance, and the high education of York College and the London University, into the busy life of manufacture and commerce, than I could have been to see those qualities regarded as unfitting him for everything but the pulpit."

"Yes, indeed; Tom's a good man, bless him! and a good brother too, notwithstanding all that huge family of his own. He is levelling the ministry and the laity in Mr. D.'s congregation, by shewing how the latter may be true 'preachers of righteousness'—like Noah, was it not, papa? And you think he's no worse a man of business either, don't you, for his Greek and Latin and mathematics and modern languages?"

"A much better man for the real business of life, including his work-shops and counting-house, I am quite sure, my dear. He is thriving as a clever, diligent and honourable man is almost sure to do; but he knows better than to slave himself to death in the effort to grow rich at double-quick speed. He keeps a little time for himself and his family every day, instead of spending it all in the machine-shop for the best twenty or thirty years of life in the hope of *retiring*, just to find his children grown up without his care, and destitute of his knowledge, taste and principles."

"Dear Tom!" said Mary; "he is a good fellow. I often thought he was quite good enough and wise enough to be a minister; and as for you, dear papa, I believe you would have been clever and practical and brisk enough to have made a first-rate man of business, if you had chosen."

"So my friends here often told me, Polly dear, and (by way of compliment, I suppose) have hinted that a good man of business had been lost in making (I naturally inferred they meant) an indifferent parson! But, whatever my defects in the latter capacity, I believe such faculties as I have had for duty in my Heavenly Master's service have not been diminished, at any rate, by the union of what my friends have been pleased to compliment as my business faculty. I do not think any secular power or ability is lost or out of place in the mind of a devoted minister of religion, any more than I believe high mental and moral culture and pure devotional taste are superfluities to Tom in his machine-making. Your sister Agnes, too, has much to be thankful for in the high character and intelligent and pure tastes of her husband. And though it is up-hill work for him still at five-and-thirty years of age (as it is to many others in his perhaps over-crowded profession), John Linford will maintain his way, and probably be eminent yet and quite rich enough. My father, you know, was a surgeon, and designed me for the profession too; but I had not nerve, or thought I had not, and was decidedly bent upon the Christian ministry. A noble calling truly is that

of the medical man, and I am glad that John has brought it into the family again in the third generation. And with him and Agnes and their little trio close to me, and you, pet—your holy mother's dying gift to me—vowing to live with me and take care of me to the end of the chapter (a vow that I would not, however, insist upon in certain conceivable circumstances), what can an old man desire more from the Fount of Mercies?"

"Ah, dear papa, never think I shall leave you; and, indeed, I dare say nobody that I should care for will ever ask me."

"Well, Mary dearest, if anybody that you care for should, and you can't make up your mind to give me into Agnes's hands (who, you know, is quite willing to have me), suppose you make your old daddie serve as a test how much Somebody does care about you, by asking if he will take the old man into the bargain for the few years left."

"All in good time, my own dear father. There is one plain and happy duty for me at present; that's all I care to know. And, without joking, please let us now come back to the important business which we are neglecting—this very interesting and instructive autobiography which you are to write. Don't say No, for you really must do it; and I'll be your scribe, either to write from your dictation or to copy out your short-hand when you make use of your old diaries or other papers in those mystic characters, which I am so glad I took the trouble to learn."

"Well, dear, I'm nothing loth to begin the autobiography, at all events; and we can think again about printing it when it is really written. It will be a pleasant occupation for you and me for six months at least; and if the learned editor of the *Christian Reformer* should think well of it, we may ask him to shew it to his readers. I cannot, indeed, conceal from myself that I should be particularly glad if my experience might prove useful to any of my younger fellow-labourers, whose zeal, I am sure, has no need to be damped, but rather to be sustained and guided in the arduous course now open before them. So get your pen and paper—the thin large paper, such as you copied my *Wellington* sermon upon for the press. And mind, you must write your clearest and most distinct hand, you know, and only on one side of the sheet, for the printer's law is absolute on this head."

"Yes, I know; and that's the reason we give him thin paper that would hardly bear writing on both sides, so it is not so extravagant as at first it seems. Well, I must mind my *p*'s and *q*'s, I suppose, and attend to stops and paragraphs, inverted commas and notes of admiration; and not put the little dashes that I sometimes foolishly make, lest the printer should take them for words omitted, and send his proof full of blanks, as he did with the *Duke's* sermon. And I'll try not to make *u*'s and *n*'s alike, nor *r*'s and *v*'s, nor *b*'s and *l*'s; and I'll make round turns, for I should like him not to find out that it is a woman's hand. But

I do believe, papa, that the printers make as many mistakes by their bad reading as through any bad writing of ours."

"Treason against the fourth estate, Polly! Yet I confess I have sometimes thought so myself when I have sent my own manuscript to our *country printer* here. But it cannot be the case with the metropolitan who prints the *Christian Reformer*. So be sure, if there are any blunders, the blame will all be laid upon us. And there is a prior test for you to undergo—perhaps a sharper one—the Editor's eye. It would be sad indeed, and disgraceful too, if our manuscript should so puzzle the editor as never to reach the printer. They say he throws aside all really bad writing at once, without caring to read it. And no one can blame him if he does. I should do the same, I believe, if I were an editor; for I should say the writer must have a poor opinion of his own production if he can't take the trouble of making it ready for printing."\*

"Trust me, dear daddie, I'll scrawl very decently, if you don't dictate too fast for me to keep up with you. And when such a fit of extemporaneous fluency comes upon you (as I dare say it often will when you warm up with old recollections), you must pop it down yourself in short-hand, and I can write it out at leisure. Here's pencil and paper for you, and a little table by your side, and I'm ready with the great quires and pen and ink. So please begin."

## CHAPTER II.

### CHILDHOOD.

We must begin at the beginning; but there is no need to stay long with a childhood that was in no way remarkable for personal qualities or incidents, though remarkably happy, as to this day I recal with gratitude to those who made it so. Excellent parents! I wonder how many young persons of the present generation have such,—as good, as conscientious, as truly wise, while as much more learned, more clever and all the rest, as they ought to be at this time of day. None, I am very certain, can be better or more truly heart-wise than mine were.

My father, as you know, was a country surgeon, at a small market town in the West of England, with a moderate practice, which was however all that the district for ten miles round yielded. He had hard work and moderate pay. But he had a contented and cheerful spirit. He was a quiet, thoughtful man,

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\* The Editor of the *CHRISTIAN REFORMER* feels bound, in justice to his very intelligent and skilful printer, to assure the author that the printer of the C. R. is an exception in this matter, and much more frequently detects the inaccuracies of contributors than increases them by errors of the press. Neither editor nor printer profess to like bad writing, but long experience enables them to decipher MSS. far from plain. If bad writing ensured the rejection of an article, some valued contributions would never have reached the press.



as became his profession and his many family cares; but had always a merry heart for his children, all of whom joined the most affectionate love with the highest respect for him. When in the evening he came home with spattered top-boots which shewed he had ridden far, and received a welcome negative to his inquiry whether he was wanted anywhere else, how quickly did we bring boot-jack and slippers, and one carry away his great-coat, and another his red neckerchief and gloves, and another his whip and spurs, to their proper places! Those spurs were my admiration. I could almost have vowed myself a future surgeon for their sake and that of the silver-mounted hand-whip! Then how quietly he took his tea or supper, according to the hour, talking with my mother about some of his cases, and various other incidents of the day; while we young ones waited expectantly till he was refreshed and sufficiently rested for romps and chatter with us. He laid down all his cares, apparently, in returning home; and I verily believe his happy home was the great antidote to his cares of all kinds.

My mother was (if ever woman was so) the tutelary angel of our home. Sensible and well-educated, for a tradesman's daughter in those days (she played the piano and sung sweetly), she knew how to make the home orderly, comfortable and happy,—how to economize without meanness,—how to train her children in good habits and set them an example in everything good and right. She had always, from my earliest recollections, delicate health; and this gave her, I believe, the stronger influence over the affections of her children; for the roughest of us (and some of us lads *were* rough ones) never thought of her but with tenderness, and never behaved towards her otherwise than obediently and gently, or (after some momentary passion) with genuine penitence, which her loving smile accepted and made more impressive upon the young criminal than any punishment. A long and suffering illness preceded her death, during which those saint-like qualities were matured in her, and their influence impressed itself in strong memory upon her grown-up children.

We were a family of eight,—three girls and five boys, all of whom grew up to be adult. My good father used to mention it with warm expressions of wonder and gratitude to the Divine mercy, and with blessings upon his wife's maternal care and wisdom, that of so large a family not one had been lost in infancy or childhood. A large family is, I believe,—if the *res angusta domi* do not pinch too tight,—an excellent soil to grow out of. I do not say that I should adopt the good old Vicar of Wakefield's opinion without qualification, that the man who brings up the largest family is the greatest benefactor to the state. That depends, I think, upon *how* he brings them up, and not simply upon his letting a large number grow up, which seems to have been good Dr. Primrose's method. But what old

William Cobbett said to his son about choosing his wife out of a large family, betrays a great deal of shrewd observation and sound sense. He recommends his son to do as he would in choosing a radish or a turnip,—pick the best out of a bunch, or some such homely comparison. And he recommends this not simply because there is the greater choice, but also because all are likely to be better worth choosing, since a number of sisters and brothers growing up together help and stimulate each other to energy and improvement in every direction. I have observed this continually in other large families, and it was so with us. We helped each other forward and sharpened each other's faculties by our daily little emulations in work and play, by daily exercises of ingenuity and various small passages of arms. And two dear friends of mine (anticipating by a few years old Cobbett's experience) found, as they believed, excellent wives in two of my sisters;—the third died unmarried at about five-and-twenty. As for the boys, my father gave to the world a clever and successful practitioner in his own profession, an honest lawyer (one of the best gifts possible), two clever and exemplary men of business, and—it is not for me to say what sort of a parson, except that he has been a happy one and not a lazy one.

As I was the eldest of the family, my father, I must not say destined me to his own profession, but (as was natural) looked at my capabilities and likings first of all with a view to it; and he would have been glad if I had taken to it, as he could have brought me up to it with moderate expense, and would have felt that a sort of family insurance would have been thereby effected. But I shrank involuntarily from the very thought of it. I never could bear to hear him particularize his more serious surgical cases. I once fainted when I had cut my finger, and I had always a too sensitive recoil from all sights of surgical interest. This tendency I have indeed always regretted and struggled against, though with indifferent success. It is indeed a physical weakness with me, as I have long been aware, though I could not so explain it at that early time; and I have often feared it might incapacitate me for usefulness in some of those circumstances in which we may all have occasion to meet the sight of wounds and disease.

“O, how very good of you, then, dear papa, to do as I have seen you do so often, not only with all our cut fingers and scalds and bruises, and dear Tom's dreadful broken leg, you know, but with more awful-looking cases still that you have told us of as having met with in your visits to your poor people! You never told me how much these things tried you.”

There was no use, my dear, in confessing a weakness that I have had to struggle with continually at the call of common duty. But for the special duties of a medical man's life I believe this physical defect would have utterly disqualified me. My father

did far better in bringing up little Johnny for a surgeon instead, who, when I gave up the idea, cried out, "Then I'll be a doctor, and pound medicine in papa's shop, for I know where the liquorice and peppermint-water and sugar-candy are kept;" and who stuck to the choice when he was old enough to know what it really meant. As for me, I made my own choice as seriously and deliberately as ever a lad of fifteen could do to be a minister, having had it quietly in my mind as a scarcely confessed ambition for several years before. Nor have I ever since hesitated or regretted or wished my choice different.

Two persons chiefly influenced this choice throughout its gradual progress to maturity; one well known to highest and most honourable fame, the other not at all famous. The former was personally unknown to me both then and ever since, namely, Dr. Priestley, of whom I often think in Coleridge's truest but not abiding thoughts of that great and good man:

"Patriot and Saint and Sage,  
Whom that my fleshly eye hath never seen,  
A childish pang of impotent regret  
Still rives my heart."

The latter was my own well-known and dearly-loved old uncle Peter.

I was scarcely six years old when the Birmingham riots took place. My father and mother could talk of nothing else. I had already begun to prick up my ears at the earnest but not thoroughly intelligible conversations between my father and Mr. Stubbins, our minister, at which I was often present, perhaps almost unnoticed, when the exciting news from France was discussed. They, like Priestley and other true-hearted friends of civil and religious liberty, so numerous in their religious denomination throughout the kingdom (more numerous indeed among the English Presbyterians, in proportion to their numbers, than in any other sect), were looking at the early progress of the French Revolution with hopeful interest, and had not yet been made to tremble at the horrors which too soon profaned it. Children can feel with their parents and honoured friends long before they can understand with them; and I was as decided a friend of "Civil and Religious Liberty all the world over," as any constitutional Englishman or learned divine of my age.

O, how well do I remember my father's reception of the news of Priestley's chapel and house being burnt, and of his narrow escape from the Birmingham mob and their *Church-and-King* leaders! How, day after day, he looked for further tidings in the *London Chronicle* (I think it was called), and how he and good Mr. Stubbins read every word of the various addresses presented to the Christian philosopher and hero by religious, political and learned bodies all over the country, and his modest but truly manly replies; and how he insisted upon paying the ex-



penses of our good little minister all the way to Exeter, to the half-yearly meeting of the Western Assembly, that they might be sure to follow the good example of the Yarmouth Dissenters of the Three Denominations, who had voted an address of earnest sympathy with Priestley! And dear Mr. Stubbins came back in the happy belief that he had been the cause of the address being sent, though Mr. Brabland was to sign and communicate it on behalf of the brethren. With what interest did I listen to these two sympathizers as they read Priestley's *Appeal* aloud, with my mother and myself and another select auditor or two present, as soon as they could get a copy! And how I conned it over again by myself, not understanding half of it, but feeling every line of it! All my life thenceforth I have venerated Priestley as an apostle equally of freedom and of religion. When, little more than two years afterwards, I heard of his intended departure for America, I felt ashamed of my country, though my sympathy with French politics (like that of some older politicians than myself) had been turned back by the bloody scenes enacted in the interval. My heart hailed with honest indignation what Coleridge soon after wrote of Priestley's exile:

"Him from his native land,  
Statesmen bloodstained and priests idolatrous,  
With dark lies maddening the blind multitude,  
Drove with vain hate. Calm, pitying, he retired,  
And mused expectant on these promised years."

In this way, then, Priestley seized upon my young enthusiasm. His experiments, too, charmed me, for I was already an experimental philosopher, making an electrical machine of a green-gooseberry-bottle run through with an old spit, and setting up wind-mills and sun-dials like another young Isaac Newton. In all kinds of handicraft my wise father encouraged me, giving me hammer and gimlet almost before I could keep from knocking my own fingers or abstain from boring holes in the tables; for it was his doctrine that one of the best ways to make a lad use his head was to give him the use of his fingers. The same plan was pursued with my little brothers when I had become a student at Glasgow, and great indeed was the practical benefit derived by us all from this regime. We frequented the joiners', cabinet-makers' and whitesmiths' shops, paid our *footings* duly, and learnt how everything was done; and saving all our little pocket-money to buy tools, became, in various degrees of proficiency, all five of us, workers in wood and iron. This part of our early education made us all the better practical men in our different stations in life; for not even on me, the student and minister, was this turn for practical art thrown away, while with some of my brothers it found a more direct application to their businesses.

But uncle Peter—to whom we must now introduce our readers, and with whom I beg you will yourself, Polly, cultivate a more

intimate, as I am sure it will be a loving, acquaintance—was scarcely inferior to Dr. Priestley in his influence upon my juvenile turn for the ministry. He was, in fact, my model minister; as superior in mental as in corporeal stature to good Mr. Stubbins, whom I loved, but never quite venerated. Uncle Peter was my mother's brother, and had charge of a small Presbyterian congregation twelve miles from our village. I had visited him and my aunt and cousins repeatedly, and always with growing reverence for him. First, his fine full person, well becoming his broad-brimmed hat, knee-breeches and black worsted hose (which were exchanged for silk on Sundays and festive days), and his long clay pipe, the privileged implement of the sacred profession or of advancing life in those primitive days, impressed me with profound respect for the character of a Christian minister; and I had heard and read enough of the Dissenting gentleman's principles, as expounded by Micaiah Toogood, and as exemplified by the noble-hearted Lindsey, to make me rank the Dissenting clergy higher in spiritual pedigree than the clergyman of the parish.

Uncle Peter, like most of the Presbyterian ministers of that day, united school-keeping with his ministerial functions as a matter of course; for it was indeed a matter of simple necessity with all the fraternity, except the very few who were favoured with the outward gifts of fortune or connected with peculiarly wealthy and generous congregations. But indeed the congregations that could afford to maintain a minister handsomely, generally adopted the now almost obsolete plan of engaging two ministers at half a maintenance each. Whether this was good or bad for the congregational interests of the denomination, one thing is certain, that it was very good for the promotion of liberal education. This was indeed one of the incidental blessings for which our country has to thank the old English Presbyterians and their ministers. With the exception of the old grammar-schools, the private schools of these ministers were almost the only places of instruction for the children of the middle and upper classes; and it was by them that the range of education was extended beyond that which the old grammar-school foundations afforded, and by them the chief improvements in education were successively made. The beneficed clergy of that day seldom devoted themselves to this task; the ministers of other denominations were rarely competent to it. So the Presbyterian ministers were the educators of our gentry and professional and commercial classes in those days.

At twelve years old I was sent to uncle Peter as a boarder, having (as I afterwards found out, for my parents took care not to let me suspect it at the time) advanced about as far as little Mr. Stubbins could conduct me safely in Latin, Greek nouns and arithmetic. Uncle Peter was really a good scholar, and was

a good teacher too; and for thirty or forty years his school maintained an excellent reputation in the West of England. He had also a taste for science, being fond of botany and mineralogy;—geology had hardly gained its name yet. His literary tastes were quaint. He was a most diligent collector of proverbs, which he wrote out on interminable rolls of parchment or paper, after the manner of the ancients. To his Hebrew proverbs (those not in Solomon's collection) he subjoined an English translation, word for word under the original, running therefore from right to left of the page; and not only so, but he made the letters in each word of the English translation run in the same order,—an innocent whim, by which he meant to make the genius of the Hebrew language intelligible to his English friends, but in effect more generally succeeded in disguising from them the genius of their mother tongue. His Greek proverbs were accompanied in similar manner with an English translation, which was intelligible enough except in the case of those which he considered the most ancient, as he wrote these *Boustrophedon* (that is, you must know, Polly, from left to right and from right to left in alternate lines, *as an ox ploughs*), and he wrote the English to correspond. These treasures of proverbial lore were deposited in *Scrinia*, that is tin boxes very like tea-canisters, whence I expected to find them issue in print some day; but they never did.

Uncle Peter was a calm, contemplative kind of man, and, but for his moral sense of order, might have been too loose a disciplinarian. In school hours, perfect method reigned. Out of school, we could do pretty much as we liked, so long as we kept out of all palpable mischief or scrapes, and brought our preparations complete the following day. Nor was this a bad plan for training lads to self-action. It is very possible to keep them too much in leading-strings, as well as to leave them too much to their own *indiscretion*. As he walked about thoughtfully in the garden, with one hand behind him wagging his coat-tail, and the other holding his clean long pipe, we were free to play around him, or take an occasional turn with him, to chatter with him, or refer a momentary dispute to his arbitration; and he never seemed to be discomposed by our interruptions, but to take up the thread of his own abstruser meditations just where we had broken it off. Was uncle Peter really in deep thought, or sometimes only in—smoke? I wondered often; and one day I made free to sound him somehow thus:

“Uncle Peter, if I may be so bold as to ask you, what is the pleasure or the benefit that you and so many other ministers find in smoking?”

“Smoking, Ben, did you say? (*puff, puff*). Good of smoking (*puff*), Ben? (*puff*). Pleasure of (*puff*) smoking, Ben? Why (*puff*) let me see, Ben (*puff*). I'll tell you (*puff, puff*,



*puff, puff*). You see, Ben (*puff, puff*), it s-o-o-o-thes one (*puff, puff*)—soothes one's mind (*puff, puff, puff*, three minutes). When I walk in the garden (*puff, puff*) with my pipe (*puff, puff, puff*), you see, Ben (*puff*), I can (*puff*) med-it-ate."

The garden was the only place where he indulged himself with his pipe. Good, considerate creature! For aunt Peter did not like the smell of tobacco smoke, and he would not bring it into the house on any account. On a wet day he would smoke in the back kitchen, and take particular care to send every puff up the chimney. And, to his honour be it said, he never smoked in the school-room (where so many of his brother pedagogues would have indemnified themselves for their self-denial in the house). But he respected in us the habits proper for childhood. He could quote—

Nil factu fædum dictuve hæc limina tangat  
Inter quæ puer est.

Perhaps he also respected our young noses for their possible sympathy with my aunt's distaste, which with me was actual and strong; for in this one solitary instance of professional externals, uncle Peter was not my personal model of perfection. I could never see that the pipe was essential to a minister's outfit. Yet I can attest how respectable it looked in those days in the hands of an elderly or studious man (for such alone were considered entitled to use it), and how vulgar the whole thing is become, including the more costly cigar, now that every monkey takes it to be a sign of manhood (having perhaps no other) to be able to smoke!

With this good uncle I pursued my studies till I came to be the first boy in his first class, and was old enough to be sent, on Dr. Williams's exhibition, to the Glasgow University.

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#### NOBILITY.

IN reference to nobility in individuals, nothing was ever better said than by Bishop Warburton—as is reported—in the House of Lords, on the occasion of some angry dispute which had arisen between a peer of noble family and one of a new creation. He said that "high birth was a thing which he never knew any one disparage, except those who had it not; and he never knew any one make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of."

It was a remark by a celebrated man, himself a gentleman born, but with nothing of nobility, that the difference between a man with a long line of noble ancestors, and an upstart, is, that "the one knows for certain, what the other only conjectures as highly probable, that several of his forefathers deserved hanging."—Archbishop WHATELY.

## ON ISAIAH vii. 14.

SIR,

ALLOW me to offer you my thanks for so kindly giving room in your valuable periodical of last month to my letter on the subject of Isaiah vii. 14; and I am happy to find that it has elicited an opinion from a correspondent signing himself J. N. in that of this month. Permit me, however, to observe without presumption, that J. N. has failed to throw any light on the obscurity in which the prophecy is veiled. His opinion is (in direct opposition to mine), that it is highly probable that by the child promised in ch. vii. 14, and the son whose birth is announced in ch. ix. 6, we are to understand the same individual. I gave my reason for thinking otherwise, and it appears to me that your correspondent's opinion is founded on the same ground which caused me to differ from Dr. Smith, namely, that he is misled by confusing the sign intended to prove the fulfilment of the prophecy with the subject of the prophecy itself, which is the defeat of the kings of Syria and Israel; and that, considering the child alluded to in ch. vii. 14, to be the son of Isaiah, and not Hezekiah, as I had previously supposed, I was mistaken in stating that individual's birth as having occurred subsequently to the prophet's prediction. Your correspondent asks, "But was the age of Hezekiah sufficient proof of that mistake?" The mistake, or supposed mistake, was mine, and I certainly thought so. It is admitted that if Hezekiah *was born* nine years before Ahaz began to reign, he could not be the child whose birth was foretold in the early part of that reign; and that he was ten or eleven years old at that time, was the very point I established, by comparing 2 Kings xvi. 2 with xviii. 12. Of the probability of a mistake in chronology as to the age of Ahaz when Hezekiah was born, neither Dr. Smith nor myself was ignorant. After citing a quotation actually referring to that point, and in which notice is taken of numbers being formerly expressed by single letters, not by words at length, the worthy Dr. observes, that in this case it is probable that the letter signifying 20 may have crept in for that denoting 30; and if this, which the excellent Vitringa admits to be probable, be allowed, the time of the birth of Hezekiah will sufficiently coincide with the circumstances before us; and had I thought that this at all affected my argument, I should have noticed it, and remarked that this supposition was attended with a greater degree of probability than his conjecture regarding the Queen of Ahaz being the virgin alluded to; but as I had only to do with the age of Hezekiah at the time of the prophecy, and not with the age of Ahaz at the time of Hezekiah's birth, I thought it unnecessary to advert to that circumstance, and the more especially as there was no doubt of Hezekiah being in fact the son of Ahaz.

In my dilemma I did not omit to resort for enlightenment to the celebrated work entitled "The Spirit of the Bible," and there I found the Gordian knot cut indeed, but not unravelled; for the talented author insists upon the prophet having three sons, to whom he appealed as signs and tokens in the sight of his countrymen—namely, Shear-jashub, *Immanuel* and Maher-shalal-hashbaz. According to Cicero, however, whose axioms, though he was a heathen, are replete with real wisdom, "Non enim tam auctoritatis in disputando, quam rationis momenta

quærenda sunt;" and I can discover no reason for such an inference, or for supposing that he ever had more than two sons,—Shear-jashub, by whom he was accompanied in his interview with Ahaz, *at the end of the conduit of the upper pool, in the highway of the Fuller's field*, and Maher-shalal-hashbaz, who, as observed, I consider to have been given as a sign to Ahaz of the fulfilment of God's promise that He *would be with him*, and frustrate the designs of his enemies; at least it seems evident to me that Scripture makes no allusion to any other. It is true that it is said in Isaiah vii. 14, that *a virgin* shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel; and Dr. Pye Smith insists that this passage is expressly referred to by Matthew, not merely in the way of resemblance and accommodation, but as a literal accomplishment of the prophecy, or, to use his own words (Scripture Testimony, p. 237), "This passage is adduced in the Gospel of Matthew as having been fulfilled in the formation of the human body of Christ out of the established course of nature." But if such be the case, and the birth of our Saviour was more than a figurative accomplishment of the prophecy, I would ask, how it happened that our blessed Master was not called *Immanuel*, but *Jesus*, as directed by the angel, for the reason that *he should save his people from their sins*? The fact is, that neither he nor any son of the prophet was ever known by that appellation, which was not intended as a name, but only a descriptive title, signifying that the Lord Jehovah would not desert those who called upon Him. It is worthy of observation, that though the birth of the prophet's second son was a sign to Ahaz that his enemies should be overthrown, no mention is made, ch. ix. 6, of the period at which the SON GIVEN was born; but the description of him, and the prosperous condition of the nation under a wise and mighty potentate, evidently point to Hezekiah, and to no one else; and I cannot but think that such opinion not being universal, can only be attributed to the confusing mixture of the prophecies, instead of their being looked upon as separate and distinct.

Jan. 2, 1857.

A LATE BENGAL CIVILIAN.

### SLOW GROWTH NECESSARY TO LONG LIFE.

WE hear of volcanic islands thrown up in a few days to a formidable size, and in a few weeks or months sinking down again or washed away; while other islands, which are the summits of banks covered with weed and drift-sand, continue slowly increasing year after year, century after century. The man that is in a hurry to see the full effect of his own tillage, should cultivate annuals, not forest trees. The clear-headed lover of truth is content to wait for the result of his. If he is wrong in the doctrines he maintains, or the measures he proposes, at least it is not for the sake of immediate popularity. If he is right, it will be found out in time, though, perhaps, not in *his* time. The preparers of the *mummies* were (Herodotus says) driven out of the house by the family who had engaged their services, with execrations and stones; but their work remains sound after three thousand years.—Archbishop WHATELY.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Encyclopædia Britannica.* Vol. XII. 4to. Eighth Edition. Adam and Charles Black, Edinburgh.

THIS volume contains more than the average number of important and attractive articles. We can, however, only briefly notice one or two. The volume opens with a biographical and critical article by Henry Rogers, his subject being David Hume. It is somewhat sternly executed. The inconsistencies and faults of both the philosopher and the man are dissected with critical exactness; but his virtues are not denied—nay, more, are candidly admitted. The spirit of the article discloses itself in the remarks on the mode in which Hume endured sickness and contemplated the approach of his death.

“It is but justice to say that all concurrent testimony proves him to have borne this slow and harassing, though it seems by no means painful illness, not only with exemplary fortitude and patience, but with much sweetness of temper, and to have contemplated the great change with undiminished serenity. Convinced that his disease was incurable, long before his friends would believe it, he refused to listen to false predictions of returning health. When Dr. Dundas intimated that he should tell his friend Colonel Elphinstone that he ‘was much better and in a fair way of recovery,’ Hume replied, ‘Doctor, as I believe you would not choose to tell anything but the truth, you had better tell him that I am dying as fast as my worst enemies, if I have any, could wish, and as easily as my best friends could desire.’ Sometimes, it is true, he regarded the approach of the last moment with a hilarity strangely unbecoming his situation, whether as a philosopher or a man; and his ill-timed pleasantry about Charon’s boat might well have been spared. John Foster, in his review of Ritchie’s *Life of the philosopher*, has observed, that even on the hypothesis that death is an extinction of our being, much more on that of Hume’s scepticism, which left it *uncertain* whether death might not reveal the truth of what he had been doubting all his life long, anything bordering on levity in such an hour is utterly out of place. It is as though a man should laugh and caper in the cave of Trophonius. But in other respects it cannot be denied that Hume’s last hours exhibit a serenity which, though often exemplified by religion, has rarely been exhibited by philosophy, and still more rarely by a sceptical philosophy. Foolish inferences have been founded on what cannot, without gross disingenuousness, be denied—the philosophic fortitude and tranquillity of Hume’s death—and equally foolish attempts made to prove all that fortitude and tranquillity affectation. Experience ought to convince us that nothing can be inferred as to the adaptation of this or that system of philosophy or religion to produce calmness in a dying hour, from the phenomena of *any individual death-bed*. The best men have often encountered the great enemy with dismay, and the worst with tranquillity. We can as little infer from their conduct what death is to disclose, as we could infer what is at the bottom of a deep abyss, if we saw that, of a thousand men who were compelled to leap into it, some madly laughed and some pusillanimously wept on the brink, before making the inevitable plunge. It should be sufficient to vindicate the superiority of at least a Christian’s faith to every form of scepticism, that if he has really lived in accordance with his hopes and convictions, the *natural* tendency of his sentiments and conduct is to produce tranquillity at the last hour, whether, from physical causes, he attains that tranquillity or not; and that his ‘immortal hopes’—even if they were to prove delusions—are as naturally connected with a peaceful close of the great strife, as any other *cause* with its *effect*. Nothing can be more true than the pointed declaration of Lord Byron: ‘Indisputably

the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst for them) out of nothing, nothing can arise, not even sorrow.'"—P. 5.

The article on "Jesus" is a revision of one drawn up by Dr. Walsh. It touches, and with a not ungentle hand, on Unitarian and other opinions. Perhaps the knowledge that the city of Edinburgh contains in Mr. Gordon a critic able to expose bigotry and misrepresentation, may have effected an improvement in the tone and spirit of the writers on religious topics in this Encyclopædia. Some particulars are given respecting the Deistical German writer, Reimarus.

"Reimarus, in a posthumous tract on the object of Jesus and his disciples, while he acknowledges the excellence of the morals and even of the doctrines of the Gospel, accuses Jesus of not observing the rules which he prescribed, and of making use of his system as a means for promoting his political views; and while he does justice to many of the high qualities of Jesus, he represents him upon the whole as actuated by ambition, and as aiming at the establishment of his own power under the character of the triumphant conqueror to whom the Jews looked forward in their promised Messias."

The author of this wild and absurd hypothesis, the confutation of which every reader of the Gospels will be able at once to supply, is described as "an able critic and the author of a work on natural religion." He was born at Hamburg in 1694, and died in 1765. He published nothing respecting his views as to the subject of revealed religion during his life, but left various MSS. of an antichristian character, some of which falling into the hands of Lessing, who at that time had the superintendence of the ducal library at Wolfenbüttel, were published by him. The tract referred to appeared in 1788. The views developed in it excited great attention, and, more perhaps than any other work, led to the neologian spirit that has since so much prevailed in Germany. It was answered by Reinhard, a celebrated German preacher, who shews that the plan for effecting the happiness of the species, adopting only the means of moral suasion,—a plan which no great man of antiquity had ever conceived, and which entered into no other religious system,—proves Jesus to have been a Messenger sent by God. This work by Reinhard is described as a valuable contribution to the evidences of the truth of Christianity. It has been translated into French, and in America an English translation of it has appeared. Perhaps it may be worthy of Dr. Beard's attention in his proposed "Library."

The most attractive novelty in this volume is Mr. Macaulay's able sketch of Dr. Johnson. Here is the slashing description of the Oxford of Johnson's undergraduate days:

"Oxford, when Johnson resided there, was the most Jacobitical place in England, and Pembroke was one of the most Jacobitical colleges in Oxford. The prejudices which he brought up to London were scarcely less absurd than those of his own Tom Tempest. Charles II. and James II. were two of the best kings that ever reigned. *Laud*, a poor creature who never did, said or wrote anything indicating more than the ordinary capacity of an old woman, was a prodigy of parts and learning, over whose tomb Art and Genius still continued to weep. Hampden deserved no more honourable name than that of the zealot of rebellion."

Of Johnson's pitiable failure as a political writer, evinced in "Taxation no Tyranny," Mr. Macaulay says,

"Johnson had failed, not because his mind was less vigorous than when he wrote *Rasselas* in the evenings of a week, but because he had foolishly chosen, or suffered others to choose for him, a subject such as he would at no time have been competent to treat. He was in no sense a statesman. He never willingly read or thought or talked about affairs of state. He loved biography, literary history, the history of manners; but political history was positively distasteful to him. The question at issue between the colonies and the mother country was a question about which he had really nothing to say. He failed, therefore, as the greatest men must fail when they attempt to do that for which they are unfit; as Burke would have failed if Burke had tried to write comedies like those of Sheridan; as Reynolds would have failed if Reynolds had tried to paint landscapes like those of Wilson."

This is the closing paragraph of the article :

"Since his death, the popularity of his works,—the *Lives of the Poets*, and perhaps the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, excepted,—has greatly diminished. His Dictionary has been altered by editors till it can scarcely be called his. An allusion to his *Rambler* or his *Idler* is not readily apprehended in literary circles. The fame even of *Rasselas* has grown somewhat dim. But though the celebrity of the writings may have declined, the celebrity of the writer, strange to say, is as great as ever. Boswell's book has done for him more than the best of his own books could do. The memory of other authors is kept alive by their works. The old philosopher is still among us in the brown coat with the metal buttons and the shirt which ought to be at wash, blinking, puffing, rolling his head, drumming with his fingers, tearing his meat like a tiger, and swallowing his tea in oceans. No human being who has been more than seventy years in the grave is so well known to us. And it is but just to say that an intimate acquaintance with what he would himself have called the anfractuosities of his intellect and of his temper, serves only to strengthen our conviction that he was both a great and a good man."

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*Sin and Redemption: a Series of Sermons. To which is added, an Oration on Moral Freedom.* By D. N. Sheldon, D.D., Pastor of the Elm-Street Baptist Church in Bath, Maine. Second Edition. Pp. 332. Crosby, Boston (U. S.). 1856.

THESE Sermons, preached by a minister of high repute amongst the Baptists of America, and "orthodox" at least on the subject of the person of Christ, are very remarkable. They are one of many indications, to be seen equally on both sides of the Atlantic, that the old and "orthodox" theologies are undermined by free inquiry and scriptural research, and must presently fall to the ground. Dr. Sheldon holds the axiom, that "what is held as fundamental truth in ethics, must not be contradicted by anything in our theological systems." The whole system of the Calvinistic orthodoxy is in direct antagonism to that which all wise and good men consent to receive as ethical truth. Impartiality, justice, mercy, as taught in the school of ethics, are set at naught in the school of Calvin. From this conclusion Dr. Sheldon appears not far distant. In a very interesting passage in his Preface, he describes the spirit in which he has pursued his scriptural researches.

"I should be ashamed of myself as a religious teacher, could I not say that I have been conscious to myself of no other motive than an honest desire to arrive at and utter the truth. I have no sympathy with the timidity which may deter any from an open declaration of their views, because those views



may be thought to conflict with an accredited standard of orthodoxy. Though numbering myself with the orthodox, so called, on the subject of the Divinity of our Lord, and on other subjects, I must yet disavow altogether the binding authority of any extra-scriptural definitions and statements of orthodoxy. The only orthodoxy which I venerate is truth, and what may be shewn to have the marks of truth."—Pp. iv, v.

The principal conclusions to which Dr. Sheldon, guided by this pure and amiable love of truth, has arrived, are clearly enough indicated in this interesting volume. As to the doctrine of original sin, he rejects both the idea and the term, holding that sin must be in every case actual, voluntary, personal. He equally rejects federal or hereditary sin. Disbelieving in imputed sin, he rejects the dogma of imputed righteousness. The doctrine of a vicarious atonement he declines to receive, finding no proofs in the New Testament of there being anything penal or substitutionary in the sufferings of Christ. He holds as firmly as ever to all the objective facts in the history of Christ, and he regards them as the means of the reconciliation of the sinner to God, by inducing repentance and disclosing mercy to the penitent sinner. Redemption he holds to be, not a process going on independently of the sinner, but a change and an amendment going on in his own soul.

The Sermons are good specimens of scriptural and doctrinal exposition,—rational, logical and convincing. The Oration which follows is an earnest panegyric on free inquiry as the necessary result of honest Protestantism. And now our readers will perhaps ask, what is the effect of teaching like this in America in an orthodox church? We answer by an extract cut from an American newspaper, the *New York Christian Inquirer* of Nov. 8th, 1856:

"*Heresy in the Baptist Church.*—An ecclesiastical council was recently convened in Bath, Maine, to determine the course to be pursued toward the Rev. Dr. Sheldon, pastor of a Baptist church in that place, and well known as the author of an ably-written work on 'Sin and Redemption,' deemed by his brethren to contain sentiments at variance with Baptist orthodoxy. The council, after a careful consideration of the points involved in the case, came to the conclusion that they could no longer regard him as a Christian minister, on account of his 'holding and promulgating doctrines utterly at variance with the cherished belief of the Baptist denomination, in reference to the hereditary depravity of our race, and their recovery to God's favour and to righteousness through the vicarious sufferings of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' The Baptist church in Bath has also excluded Dr. Sheldon from its fellowship, and the case is exciting much interest in theological circles."

But however ready this ecclesiastical council may be to disown Dr. Sheldon as a Christian brother, they must not hope to put out thus easily the torch of truth. It is kindled, and cannot be extinguished. Where there are hearts as brave and arms as strong as those of Dr. Sheldon, it will be held aloft, and many will walk and rejoice in its light.

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*The Unitarian Almanac for 1857.* Edited by John Webb, Resident Secretary to the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Pp. 94. London—Whitfield.

THE late appearance of this Almanac will, we fear, greatly injure its success. It is to Unitarians a very useful Almanac, and contains a great amount of information to be nowhere else obtained. In a hasty

perusal of it, we see some statements which are not *now* true. Thus the Cheshire Associations mentioned at p. 57, are no longer in operation. The list of societies of "Christian Brethren," at p. 69, small as it is, needs to be still further retrenched by the omission of Stalybridge, Newton, Higher Dukinfield, and, we suspect, one or two other names. In some cases the members of the dissolved societies have joined a neighbouring Unitarian congregation. The list of Unitarian congregations, &c., is not in every particular correctly descriptive of the present state of things. Thus Altringham and Hale, in Cheshire, are no longer vacant; the much lamented removal of the Rev. Charles Wallace from active ministerial duty has been followed by the appointment of the Rev. J. T. Whitehead, late a student of Manchester College, London, as minister of the two congregations. Mr. Sutherland, having removed to Welton, ought no longer to appear under the head of Cressbrook, in Derbyshire. The Rev. A. T. Blythe is no longer minister at Chesterfield, having announced his abandonment of Unitarianism. Bridgewater is not vacant, Mr. Steinthal having been succeeded by Rev. Alfred W. Worthington, late of Stourbridge. To the list of periodicals might be added the "Unitarian," edited by the Committee of the Tract Society at Bury, Lancashire,—one of the many fruits of the energetic and successful ministry in that place of Rev. John Wright. The "Unitarian Chronology" for 1856 is a new feature of the Almanac. Might not a list of deceased eminent Unitarians be advantageously added in future years?

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*"Audi Alteram Partem."* Dr. Davidson and the Inspiration of the Scriptures. Especially addressed to the Subscribers to the Lancashire Independent College. 8vo. Pp. 24.

DR. DAVIDSON, the learned Professor of Theology in the Lancashire Independent College, was employed by the Messrs. Longman to edit one of the volumes of their new edition of Hartwell Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures. In handling the subject of the Inspiration of the Bible, Dr. Davidson descended from the high ground of verbal inspiration,—which, manifestly untenable as it is, must, we suppose, be regarded as the popular doctrine,—and took, with some modifications, the position of Dr. Pye Smith, Tholuck, and other learned divines of unimpeached "orthodoxy." Dr. Davidson's opinions on the subject had better be stated in his own words:

"If there was an accommodation on the part of the writers, to the ideas of their times respecting the objects of nature, the possibility of their not being so far enlightened or inspired as to have correct infallible knowledge on points of natural science, on chronology, archæology, geography, &c., suggests itself to the reflecting mind. It may be asked, Why extend their inspiration of correctness beyond what is properly *religious* and *moral truth*? Why not suppose that their knowledge of the subjects to which we have been adverting as secondary sources, was not always perfect or accurate—that they were 'led into' *religious*, not *natural* truth? The mission and office of the writers was a religious one. They were the media employed of God to make known His will to men:—respecting his nature; His modes of dealing with His responsible creatures on this earth; their conditions, duties, and hopes as immortal beings. They wrote to show in various ways what the history of the human race has been in relation to God, the Creator, Ruler, and loving Parent. All their communications bore upon Messiah and his salvation—the only-begotten

Son of the Father in his humiliation, functions, and exaltation. They were *religious* and *moral* teachers. But they were not teachers of geography, astronomy, botany, physiology, or history. Their commission did not extend so far.

"The truth of these observations seems more apparent as soon as the interpreter attempts to grapple with the serious difficulties, and even contradictions, that appear in the parts which do not properly come under the head of *religious* and *moral truth*. For we believe that none can doubt of the existence of contradictions in the records. It is not surprising that there should be difficulties in a Divine revelation. If there were none, we should suspect its divinity. But it is surprising that there should be irreconcilable contrarieties in a Divine revelation. Indeed, a Divine revelation cannot contain them. Hence when we see certain things in the secondary matters of history, of natural philosophy, of chronology and geography, which cannot be brought into mutual concord, the natural inference is that they are not of a character to warrant their absolute correctness. The point now under consideration is a delicate one. To moot it at all is to tread on slippery ground. Yet when we see the mode in which the evangelists have narrated the leading events of the Saviour's life,—the absence of chronological arrangement in them,—the transpositions and dislocations occurring in their records of discourses and actions; we feel how likely it is that this was a matter on which their minds were not fully or infallibly enlightened. Some of them have certainly related things in an order in which they did not occur. And if they did not possess a *full* knowledge of such things, it need not be supposed that they had a *perfectly accurate* knowledge.

"We believe that no contradiction can exist between the writers when treating of religious and moral truth. *Whatever they inculcate respecting doctrine and duty is* INFALLIBLY CORRECT. So far they were under a high illumination of the Spirit, and could not err; and as the Spirit cannot contradict himself, all the writers must substantially agree."—Pp. 14, 15.

Moderate and guarded as this is, and departing so little from the orthodox creed, it appears to have roused a strong feeling against Dr. Davidson, the immediate effects of which have damaged the sale of the new edition of Horne, and the ultimate effect of which (if we are correctly informed) may be to drive him from his Professorial chair. The pamphlet before us is set forth by the Dr.'s friends to justify his conduct and position. It contains letters which have emanated on the subject from Dr. Tregelles, Dr. Davidson, Mr. Horne and Dr. Vaughan, and articles of review from the Nonconformist, tending to vindicate Dr. Davidson, by shewing that his views represent the Bible as an absolute authority and an infallible guide in matters of religious doctrine and moral duty, and are in accordance with the views of the most accepted orthodox theologians.

The pamphlet suggests to the mind of a contemplative observer many interesting speculations, on which, however, we cannot at present enter. We shall watch the progress of this controversy with some interest. Its issue will affect others beside Dr. Davidson. Men like Dr. Vaughan, who have allowed their opinions and representations to be modified by the results of theological scholarship, must either come out and do battle for their own as well as Dr. Davidson's liberty to think freely on the subject of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, or must recede and retract, and make the mortifying confession that they have been seduced by "German rationalism" to transgress the safe limits of "orthodoxy." The controversy must end in good. There are in the Independent body, unless we greatly err, some intelligent men and free spirits who will



uphold a scholar like Dr. Davidson in the assertion of the results of his inquiries, and some who, though they may in a degree dissent from his opinions, will support him on the general principles of religious liberty. We have no impression that Dr. Davidson and his friends are at all in the vicinity of the Unitarian position on the subject of the Inspiration of the Scriptures; but it is impossible to say how far they may find themselves compelled to recede even from their present modified conclusions, when controversy forces them to face all the difficulties of the subject.

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*The Lamp of Beauty. A Sermon preached by the Rev. W. Forster, in the Free Christian Church, Clarence Road, Kentish Town, on October 12, 1856, to Young Women. Published by Request of the Ladies of the Congregation. Pp. 18. London—Whitfield.*

THERE is much sterling advice in this Sermon on the subjects of intellectual, moral and religious culture, which parents and teachers may most advantageously place before their daughters and pupils. But every reader, whether or not he coincides with Mr. Forster's estimate of the present statesmen of England, must feel that his dragging party politics in on such an occasion, was at least a violation of good taste. Looking at the busy lives led by the middle class of English society, and the early age at which the education of young men is closed and their mercantile and other duties begin, we have rather feared that female education would surpass that enjoyed by the other sex, and that the uninformed minds and uncultivated tastes of young men would unfit them to appreciate the better accomplishments of their sisters and wives. But the ignorance of the one sex increases the importance of knowledge and cultivation in the other. If the future mothers of England are sufficiently impressed during their leisure years with the importance of that moral and intellectual beauty for which Mr. Forster pleads, there is hope that the next generation will be an improvement on the present one,—that the unconcealed contempt for intellectual pleasures, the brusque manners and the "slangy" talk which now are the characteristics of some young men in the middle class, is only a temporary evil, and will be corrected by the higher education and the moral refinement of our present race of young women.

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*Pamphlets on Archaeology and Local History.*

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of some acceptable tracts, of which we can give little more than the titles. To Rev. E. Kell we owe "Remarks on Longstone and the Barrows on Wroxhall Down." From the remains of Roman pottery found in the Isle of Wight, Mr. Kell concludes that it was once a Roman station, a conclusion supported by the recent discovery of Roman coins. To Mr. Joseph Hibbert we owe a very well-written and interesting account of the town of Hyde, in Cheshire, and its rapid growth in wealth and social importance as one of the seats of the cotton manufacture. From Mr. William Dobson we have received two similar pamphlets illustrative of the history of a town in Lancashire,—the one entitled, "Preston in the Olden Time," which contains some illustrations, well worthy of preservation, of manners and customs during the two preceding centuries; and the other, the History

of the Parliamentary Representation of the same town. Besides ministering gratification to a natural curiosity to know something of the history of a place in which the readers live, lectures and pamphlets of this kind, when executed by competent hands, assist in inspiring the popular mind with the love of history generally, and enable men to appreciate the rare advantages, political, social and intellectual, which are enjoyed by living Englishmen.

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*Dialogues on Universal Restitution.* Pp. 160. London—Freeman.

THE Dialogue form is cumbrous and inconvenient. In a theological treatise like this, in which no dramatic effect is attempted, and in which the author's conclusions seem sufficiently definite, we see no reason for its use. The questions discussed in the volume are thus summed up in the Preface: "Whether the Restoration of Man in a future state will be complete or partial; whether it rests for its foundation on the faith of the restored or the will of the Restorer; whether the revealed doctrine of Retribution is simply that all men will be divided into two great classes, or, more particularly, that every one will be judged according to his works; whether Eternal Life means merely life of which there is no end, or not; whether there are any of God's children on earth who will never see His face in heaven?" In answering these questions, "Phidias," the imaginary person who defends the doctrine of Universal Restitution, professes from the outset to be unacquainted with "Socinians" and their books. Whether this is equally descriptive of the anonymous author of the book itself, we know not; but both his general reasonings and his Scripture interpretations appear to be rational and good, and such as Unitarians will for the most part approve.

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*Pictures of the Olden Time, as shewn in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims.* By Edmund H. Sears. Boston—Crosby, Nichols and Co.

MR. SEARS proposes in this work to awaken interest in historical studies by "incarnating and galvanizing old skeletons." If we were of American birth, we should almost resent the application of the term "skeletons" to figures so full of muscle and life and energy as the Pilgrim Fathers. Letting that pass for the present, and also the question of the propriety, on such a question as this, the interest of which equals any romance, of mingling fact and fiction, and postponing to a future No. further criticism on the book, we extract the passages in which Mr. Sears describes the circumstances that first brought the Pilgrims into union, and the characters of their leaders.

"There was a man by the name of Davison, Secretary in the court of Queen Elizabeth, who fell under the sore displeasure of that royal termagant. It is a curious story, and is not generally told truly in the popular histories. Elizabeth signed the death-warrant of her cousin, the Queen of Scots, and gave it to Davison that he might take it to Walsingham to receive the royal seal. Meanwhile, before the warrant was to be despatched, she devised means of getting Mary taken off, so as not to bear before the world the fearful responsibility herself. She foresaw the odium it would bring upon her. She therefore ordered Walsingham and Davison to write to Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, keepers of Fotheringay Castle, and let them know that it was the Queen's pleasure that they should have Mary put out of the way secretly, and on their own responsibility. The horrified keepers refused the business.

Still Elizabeth brooded over a private murder. Meanwhile, her Council, knowing the fact, and fearing that the Queen would shift the burden on their shoulders, or delay the affair from time to time, and die before the deed was done, sent off the death-warrant privately, and without her knowledge. Mary was thus executed at the very hour when Elizabeth was lamenting that some one who professed to love her would not take the business off her hands; and she actually did not know of the execution till she heard the bells of London ringing in honour of the event. She was enraged with her ministers for deceiving her, but she vented her wrath principally on Davison. She imposed a ruinous fine upon him, and sent him to the Tower.

"This event had an influence on the fortunes of another person, very interesting to those who like to trace the causes of events, and the inter-connection of each with all. Davison while in favour at court had in his employ a private secretary named William Brewster. He was a man of good abilities and unswerving honesty, and withal given to religious meditations. After the fall of Davison, he still clung to his patron as a friend, visited him in prison, and did everything in his power to soothe his grief and alleviate his misfortunes. But he had seen the vanity of human greatness, and in the mock-sunshine of the court had learned thoroughly the lesson which Wolsey learned too late, and Davison after him.

'Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!  
I feel my heart new opened. O how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!  
There is betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;  
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again.'

"Brewster, being now about thirty-eight years old, sought a place of retirement, far away from court, where he might give up his mind, unmolested, to religious exercises and contemplations. He selected the little town of Scrooby in Nottinghamshire, already described. There was an old manor-house in the village, which had formerly been occupied by the Archbishops of York, but which had fallen into neglect and decay. Brewster rented it, and retired thither with his wife and family. The parish church was close by, but Brewster did not attend it, preferring private worship in his own family; and on Sunday, around 'the old blessed Bible that lay on the stand,' he and his wife, with the children, Jonathan, Love, Wrestling, Patience, and Fear, gathered for a special exercise of exhortation and prayer. Godly neighbours came in and joined them,—people whom the formalities of the Church ritual did not satisfy, while they hungered for the bread of life. The old manor-house gradually gathered within it a little congregation, that hung with rapt attention on the prayers and prophesyings of Brewster. He was something of a scholar, had studied at Cambridge, was fully imbued with the Puritan theology, and withal had a singular gift 'in ripping up the heart and conscience before God.' It was not long before the congregation gathered at his house so regularly, as to require the work and oversight of a regular pastor.

"Not far from Scrooby, in the town of Babworth, lived a gray-haired old man by the name of Richard Clifton, who had been a rector of the church in that place, but had embraced Puritan sentiments, and probably been silenced for nonconformity. At any rate, he came to Scrooby, and was chosen pastor of the congregation that met at Brewster's house; and such was his sanctity and his gift at exhortation, that he drew to him devout people from the rural towns in the neighbourhood. He had 'a great white beard' hanging down upon his breast, and with such power and pungency did he send home the arrows of truth, that it seemed as if one of the old Apostles had risen from the grave.

"Among those drawn to Brewster's house by the preaching of Clifton, was a boy from the neighbouring town of Austerfield, which lies just over the line



in Lincolnshire. Mark the boy well, for Providence has great designs in bringing him hither! He is not more than twelve or fourteen years old; has a pale meek face; sickness has made him thoughtful, and the opposition of his own friends and relatives has given him a pensive air. His father died when he was only two years old, and left him in the charge of two uncles. Austerfield was a place of licentiousness and wickedness, and the boy has grown up in sight and hearing of it; but his long-continued sickness has kept his mind fixed on better things; he has read his Bible much, and, as some one conjectures, has had access to a choice library in possession of one of his uncles, where slaking his early thirst for knowledge has only made him thirst the more. He walks every Sunday over the Idle,—a brook that flows languidly between Austerfield and Scrooby, and the sermons of the old man with 'a great white beard' have made an indelible impression on his soul.

"His uncles oppose the course he is taking, and there are profane wits enough in Austerfield to scoff at the young Puritan for his precocious pietism. But it is all in vain. A special Providence is training him and leading him on; for that little band at Brewster's house are to colonize a mighty empire, and that pale boy is to be its guide and stay through its first dark and perilous years. This boy is William Bradford,—the future Governor of the Plymouth colony.

"Not long after this, the congregation received another accession. John Robinson had been a preacher of the Established Church near Yarmouth in Norfolk, but he had been 'harried' for nonconformity, and his friend almost ruined in the ecclesiastical courts. Seeking obscurity and the quiet and unmolested worship of God, he also found his way to Scrooby. Never since the apostolic days was there a character in which the opposite qualities of firmness and meekness were more beautifully blended. He separated from the English Church without a particle of bitterness towards its communion; he embraced the rigid theology of the Puritans, which he held with a gentle and an all-comprehending charity. The hardest trials made his temper more mild, and his piety more serene; and persecution and wrong only set free in a more signal manner that spirit of toleration which breathed from his heart like a heavenly perfume. He was associated with Clifton in the pastorate of the church in Brewster's house, and when Clifton removed to Amsterdam, Robinson was left in sole charge of it.

"Thus and in an obscure corner originated the congregation which in a preceding chapter we have described as being at Leyden, where Richard Sayer found them, and joined their number. Why they left Scrooby and removed to Leyden, and through what perils and hardships, has been described by Bradford, who became the historian of the Pilgrim church. It will be readily conceived that the old manor-house at Scrooby did not conceal them a great while, or shield them from the tender mercies of the bishops and the officials of the ecclesiastical courts. They were fined, imprisoned and worried, till they finally resolved on removal to Holland. They went in separate companies, first to Amsterdam, where some of them remained, the aged Clifton among the rest; but most of the Scrooby congregation came finally to Leyden; Brewster, Robinson and Bradford being the leading spirits of the enterprise, infusing through its affairs an immortal energy."

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*Leicester Ministry to the Poor—the Eleventh Annual Report.*

MR. DARE'S Report is a useful addition to this valuable class of documents. It illustrates in various ways the intellectual, moral and spiritual good which a prudent, kind and religious-minded missionary can diffuse around him. Several instances are given of the power of Unitarian Christianity to preserve the mind during health from the extremes of fanaticism and infidelity, and to supply it at the hour of death with adequate consolation and support.

*A Lecture on behalf of the National Sunday League: delivered in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Halifax, Nov. 25, 1856.* By the Rev. John Barling. Pp. 16. London—Whitfield.

MR. BARLING boldly steps forward in his locality to stem the strong tide of Sabbatical superstition. His Lecture is a fine, manly, outspoken performance, conveying in a clear and popular style some excellent information on the history and uses of the day of rest, and exposing the dangers which would result if English legislation were allowed to be worked by the Sabbatarian party.

Mr. Barling quotes high authority against the Judaic observance of Sunday by Christians:

"Hear Jeremy Taylor: 'The Lord's-day did not succeed in the place of the sabbath, but the sabbath was abrogated. The Lord's-day is merely an ecclesiastical institution.' Hear the present Archbishop of Dublin: 'Judaism being abolished, all its positive and ritual observances must of course be wholly at an end; so that we are no more compelled to keep the fourth commandment than we are to keep the worship of the temple or the daily sacrifice.' Hear Baden Powell more correctly saying, 'It is of no import to us that that is abolished which to us never was in force.' Hear John Milton: 'Under the gospel, no one day is appointed for divine worship in preference to another, except such as the church may set apart of its own authority.' Hear Melancthon, in the Confession of Augsburg: 'They who think that the observation of the Lord's-day was appointed as necessary by the authority of the church, instead of the sabbath, are greatly deceived. The Scripture requireth that the observance of it should be now free; for it teacheth that the Mosaical ceremonies are not needful after the gospel is revealed.'"—P. 13.

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*Christian Humility: a Sermon preached in the Ancient Chapel of Toxteth Park, Liverpool, on Sunday, Dec. 7, 1856, after the Funeral of the late Richard Vaughan Yates, Esq.* By John Robberds, B.A., Minister of the Chapel. Together with the Address and Prayer at the Funeral Service, and an Appendix.

OUR pages have already borne their tribute of respect to the memory of the excellent man whose departure from life was the occasion of this Sermon. It is beautifully appropriate to the occasion on which it was delivered, and, independently of its personal bearing, is an excellent discourse on an important feature of the Christian character.

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*Thoughts on Anti-Supernaturalism.* By A. Edney, Author of "Observations on Mr. Harvard's Question of Miracles." Pp. 16. London—Whitfield.

THIS unpretending little tract contains many sound arguments in defence of the miraculous evidences of Christianity. Its authoress, Mrs. Edney, is the daughter of the late Rev. John Marsom, whose well-known work on the Impersonality of the Holy Spirit is still the textbook of Unitarian arguments on that subject. Mrs. Edney first published the substance of this tract in 1841 (we think without her name). In its original form, the authoress admits there was a "tone of asperity," of which she now candidly expresses her disapproval. In the new edition the fault is certainly not apparent.

## INTELLIGENCE.

### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF MANCHESTER NEW COLLEGE.

The seventy-first annual meeting of the College Trustees was held in Manchester on Thursday, January 22nd. There was an unprecedented number of Trustees present, many of whom had come from far-distant places. The list of gentlemen present, as far as we can ascertain, included the following names:—Messrs. R. N. Philips, Mark Philips, Thomas Ainsworth, William Enfield, H. C. Robinson, W. A. Case, J. P. Fearon, J. Beard, J. A. Turner, Thomas Ashton, Arthur Lupton, Holbrook Gaskell, Richard Martineau, J. Standring, Henry Coppock, R. M. Shipman, S. Robinson, W. Shaen, G. Buckton, S. D. Darbshire, Edward Enfield, C. J. Darbshire, Ivie Mackie, Thomas Wrigley, John Smale, John Watson, Eddowes Bowman, R. P. Greg, Arthur Darbshire, Peter Martineau, J. E. Taylor, G. M. Ainsworth, Geo. Holt, Jun., Russell Scott, W. A. Darbshire, T. H. McConnel, Robert Worthington, Henry Bowman, Edmund Grundy, W. J. Lamport, J. McConnel, John Booth, E. C. Potter, Martin Schunck, John Grimshaw, Silas Leigh, P. W. Passavant, C. S. Grundy, R. T. Heape; Revds. John Kenrick, B. Carpenter, S. Bache, E. Kell, Dr. Beard, H. Green, J. P. Malleson, W. Herford, F. Baker, J. H. Thom, John Robberds, R. B. Aspland, R. L. Lloyd, W. Gaskell, J. H. Ryland, J. Wright, J. H. Hutton, Chas. Beard, Edward Tagart, John Dendy, S. A. Steintal, Edward Higginson, Joseph Ashton, T. E. Poynting, R. Gibson, John Owen, C. W. Robberds.

The President, Jas. Heywood, Esq., M.P., took the chair. The early proceedings were in the chapel-room of Cross Street, but it soon became most inconveniently crowded, and from the want of ventilation the atmosphere was very impure. After several calls for adjournment, which were at first resisted on account of the coldness of the chapel itself, the meeting removed there. The minutes of the Committee's proceedings during the past year were read by the Secretary, Mr. Robert D. Darbshire. There were many requests made for the reading of certain minutes in full, with the accompanying letters and documents. After some remarks on the proceedings by Rev. Edward

Higginson and Rev. J. H. Ryland, the minutes were confirmed.

The Treasurer, Mr. R. N. Philips, then presented the financial statement for the year ending Sept. 29, 1856, shewing a balance in his hands of £821. 2s. 6d., and an excess of receipts over expenditure of £118. 10s. 2d. Mr. Robert D. Darbshire then read the Address of the Committee:

In presenting their Annual Report, the Committee of Manchester New College cannot avoid alluding to serious difficulties which have presented themselves during the past year, to which, however, they trust that their successors will be able to find a satisfactory solution.

The reports of the Examiners employed to ascertain the progress and attainments of the undergraduate students in Classics and Mathematics, together with the result of the public examination in those branches of study, held in the month of June last in University Hall, disclosed deficiencies which your Committee feared, unless speedily remedied, would degrade the standard of attainment which has hitherto belonged to the College. To counteract the evil, and at present by way of experiment only, your Committee were happy to co-operate with the authorities of University Hall in appointing jointly with them Tutors in both departments, whose duty it is to read privately with the students of both the College and the Hall, to assist them in overcoming difficulties, and to ascertain that they are properly prepared for the work appointed in their several classes in University College. The Mathematical Tutorship was entrusted to the tried and able hands of Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, who had previously and so much to their satisfaction discharged the duties of Mathematical Examiner. The Committee regret to receive from him the intimation that temporary absence from England will, during a part of this session, interrupt the performance of his Tutorial duties. The Committee are, however, enabled to report that a successor to Mr. Hutton's duties has been found in Mr. John Bridge, a graduate of the London University, who brings to his office familiarity with Professor de Morgan's mode of instruction, and whose competency for its duties is certified by that gentleman's recommendation. A suitable Classical Tutor was found in Mr. Kebbell, a gra-



duate of the University of Oxford, who has hitherto fulfilled his duties to the entire satisfaction of our Principal, who in this, as in every other matter, has continued to give his watchful attention to the best interests of the College.

The proceedings of the Hibbert Trustees have been watched with friendly interest by your Committee, who are able to express a sanguine hope that the scholarships which those gentlemen have thrown open to the competition of students both of the Hall and College, will assist in encouraging the alumni of both institutions to aim at such a standard of scholarship and general intellectual culture as is essential to the maintenance of the high character and genuine liberality of the English Unitarian body. Two of the students at present on the foundation of Manchester New College, viz. Mr. Robert B. Drummond and Mr. James Drummond, have succeeded in obtaining Hibbert scholarships, and Mr. Edwin Smith, who has just terminated his College course, has been similarly successful. Although this will prevent the gentleman last named from immediately undertaking the regular duties of the ministry, your Committee think that this inconvenience will be amply compensated by the opportunities of continued study which a Hibbert scholar, undistracted by professional duty and surrounded by noble libraries and other aids to intellectual culture, will enjoy for a period of two years. Great advantage may result from the opportunity thus afforded to students possessed of ability and energy, not only to settle many intellectual questions which sometimes embarrass the minds of young ministers, but also to lay the foundation for habits of pastoral usefulness, by familiarizing themselves with the practical work of Sunday-schools, Domestic Missions, and other forms of Christian philanthropy, more thoroughly than at an earlier period is consistent with the faithful discharge of their duty to the College curriculum of study. Your Committee feel assured that their esteemed Principal will always encourage in the young men under his influence this combination of the highest intellectual cultivation with benevolence, of advanced scholarship with practical usefulness.

The Committee may again allude to the continued liberality of Mr. Ainsworth in offering a valuable scholarship to students of the College who shall succeed in obtaining a gold medal in the Master of Arts examination in the London University. They trust that the munificent encouragement thus given to study in

the higher branches of Classics, Science and Philosophy, will again produce the results desired by the donor of the scholarship and honourable to the College.

To the undergraduate students of both the College and the Hall, the Rev. J. J. Tayler, the Principal of Manchester New College, has, with the grateful sanction of your Committee, offered a prize of the value of five guineas for the greatest proficiency in Latin.

Your Committee have been invited during the past year to consider the practicability of placing some of the foundation students in residence in University Hall. They found, however, difficulties in the way which prevented their complying with the wishes of their friends, the Council of the Hall. The increased number of Hibbert scholars who reside in the Hall, will in some degree promote the alliance of the two institutions, and beneficially influence the friendly intercourse of the students of both. On learning from the Council that the funds of University Hall were not adequate to its necessary expenditure, your Committee felt themselves called upon to vote an additional sum of fifty pounds per annum towards the expenses of the Hall, in return for the accommodation given to the classes and library of Manchester New College.

The Committee have had the opportunity of improving the College estate in Yorkshire by securing some adjacent land offered for sale at Hutton-le-Hole. Acting on the advice of Mr. Wood, who kindly continues the management of the Yorkshire property, the Committee thought it right to secure an addition of fourteen acres at the cost of £470, believing that though the outlay would bring in no corresponding increase of income, it would increase in a greater amount than the sum expended the permanent and marketable value of the estate.

The Trustees will deplore the removal by death, during the past year, of some of the old and liberal friends of the College. It is with melancholy feelings that the Committee record the names of the late Richard V. Yates, Esq., of Liverpool, a subscriber of forty-eight years' standing; of the late Benjamin Gaskell, Esq., a Trustee of forty-six years' standing; and also of the late Rev. Arthur Dean, a Trustee and former student of Manchester College, York, and for many years the minister at Stand; the Rev. Thos. Johnstone, of Wakefield; and of Mr. John Wood.

During the past session, the number of divinity students was eleven, viz., Mr. Edwin Smith and Mr. J. T. Whitehead,

in their sixth year; Mr. R. B. Drummond, in his fifth year; Mr. Thomas Holland, Mr. William Blazeby and Mr. Robert Henry Gibson, in their fourth year; Mr. Charles Upton, in his third year; Mr. Percy Bakewell, Mr. George Heavyside and Mr. Joseph Dare, Jun., in their second year; and Mr. Frederick Mitchell, in his first year. Mr. Edwin Smith and Mr. J. T. Whitehead have completed their course.

The annual examination took place in University Hall, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23, 24 and 25. The two Prizes of Five Guineas each offered by the executors of the late Joseph Brooks Yates, Esq., of Liverpool, were awarded as follows: 1. New-Testament Greek Prize, to Mr. Edwin Smith, in his third theological year. 2. The Latin Prize, divided between Mr. Charles Upton, Manchester New College, and Mr. Talfourd Ely, of University Hall. At the close of the proceedings on Wednesday, the address to the students was delivered, at the special request of the Committee, by the Rev. W. H. Channing, of Liverpool. On Thursday evening, June 26th, a Soirée of the friends and supporters of the College was held in the rooms of University Hall.

The students admitted to the benefits of the College in the present session are seventeen, viz., Messrs. R. B. Drummond, Thomas Holland, William Blazeby, R. H. Gibson, Charles Upton, Percy Bakewell, George Heavyside, Joseph Dare and Frederick Mitchell, mentioned above; with the addition of Mr. James Drummond and Mr. John Lloyd, in their fourth year; Mr. Edward Howse, Mr. J. D. H. Smyth and Mr. James Pillars, in their first year. Mr. Wm. Matthews, Mr. Richard Shelley and Mr. Alexander M'Dougall, are also students, but only admitted free to the lectures. Of the fourteen who are now on the foundation, five are new students. The increase in the number of applicants for admission to the College, is, the Committee hope, a proof that it still deserves and commands the confidence of those who are favourable to education unfettered by doctrinal tests.

Of the students who finished their academical course last session, one has since settled with a congregation, the Rev. James T. Whitehead, who has accepted an invitation to become their pastor from the congregations of Altringham and Hale, in the county of Chester, a situation recently vacated by the Rev. Charles Wallace, formerly a divinity student of Manchester College, York.

The increased expenditure consequent

on a larger number of students than the College has previously instructed since its removal to London, and on the larger vote to University Hall, together with the diminution of the list of subscribers by death and other casualties, will render it immediately necessary to look to the ways and means for the future. Should the Committee about to be elected find it necessary to make an appeal to the congregations of the English Presbyterian and Unitarian body for pecuniary aid, it is to be hoped that the appeal will be received with favour and answered with liberality; for it is the earnest conviction of your Committee that with the continued existence of the College and its vigorous pursuit of the noble objects it aims to attain, interests of no small importance to civil and religious liberty and pure religion are closely united.

Before concluding their annual Address, the Committee have the painful duty of announcing the resignation of his office (that resignation to take effect at the close of the present academical year) by the Professor of Critical and Exegetical Theology, the Rev. G. Vance Smith. After anxious and renewed consideration, your Committee came to the conclusion that it was for the interests of the College that Mr. Smith's resignation should be accepted. He will retire from his very arduous duties as Professor, with the high respect of his colleagues, and with the most friendly wishes of every member of the Committee for his future ministerial and literary success, and for his personal welfare and happiness.

Consequently on Mr. Smith's resignation and its acceptance, a Special Committee was, in accordance with existing precedents, appointed to consider and report to the General Committee what steps should be taken to fill up the Professorship about to be vacated. From that Special Committee no report has yet been received.

The Rev. John Kenrick explained the circumstances which had prevented the Special Committee, of which he had been Chairman, appointed July 30, 1856, from reporting upon the course which it might be most advisable to take in consequence of the resignation of Mr. Smith. After a desultory conversation, Mr. Mark Philips proposed the following resolution: "That in anticipation of the approaching retirement of Professor G. V. Smith, the Trustees recommend to the General Committee to take into consideration, among their plans for supplying his place, the prac-



ticability of providing for the theological and philosophical instruction of the students of Manchester New College by a re-distribution of work between the Principal and the Rev. James Martineau, without the appointment of a third Professor." The resolution was seconded by Rev. Dr. Hutton.—The Rev. Edward Higginson then moved this amendment: "That the Special Committee on the vacant Theological Professorship, appointed by the General Committee, July 30 (consisting of James Heywood, Esq., M.P., Rev. J. Kenrick, M.A., J. A. Turner, Esq., S. D. Darbshire, Esq., Rev. R. B. Aspland, M.A., and Eddowes Bowman, Esq., M.A.), not having been able yet to report finally, it be a recommendation to the new Committee to re-appoint that Special Committee for the completion of their functions." The amendment was seconded by Rev. Edmund Kell. A long and very interesting discussion ensued. We attempt no report, for reasons which will suggest themselves to all our readers who are at all acquainted with the present position of the College. The motion was supported by Mr. Richard Martineau, Mr. S. D. Darbshire, Mr. H. C. Robinson, Rev. Robert Gibson, Rev. C. Beard, Mr. W. Shaen and Mr. Thomas Ainsworth. The amendment was advocated by Rev. S. Bache, Mr. W. R. Wood, Mr. Eddowes Bowman.

Late in the afternoon an appeal was made to the meeting to avoid the necessity of a division. Mr. W. R. Wood asked permission to propose a motion of a conciliatory nature, and he hoped that, by its acceptance by the meeting, the necessity of further consideration of both the resolution and the amendment would cease to exist. Rev. R. B. Aspland and Rev. John Wright spoke in favour of the course recommended by Mr. Wood. In answer to appeals made to Mr. Philips to withdraw the resolution, he intimated his perfect willingness to do so if it were the wish of the meeting. The feeling was ascertained by a show of hands to be in favour of the withdrawal. Mr. Philips accordingly withdrew his resolution, and Mr. Higginson his amendment. No other resolution was passed, it being considered that in the natural course of things the Committee would take steps to make the necessary appointments. The usual votes of thanks to the officers of the College for their past services were given. The officers for the ensuing year were appointed,

and the following gentlemen went off the list of the Committee: Mr. H. C. Robinson, Mr. E. W. Field, Mr. Richard Martineau, Rev. John Cropper and Mr. Edmund Grundy. The new members appointed in their place were, Mr. Edward Enfield, Mr. Paul Fearon, Mr. Russell Scott, Rev. Edward Higginson and Mr. Thomas Ashton. Mr. R. N. Philips was re-appointed Treasurer; Rev. R. B. Aspland and Mr. Robt. D. Darbshire, Secretaries; and Rev. W. Gaskell, Chairman of the Committee. After a cordial vote of thanks to the President for his services as Chairman, the meeting separated.—Many of the Trustees afterwards dined together at the Albion Hotel, and the most harmonious spirit prevailed. The President was in the chair, and the speakers were Rev. John Kenrick, Mr. Mark Philips, Mr. R. N. Philips (whose health was given as the High Sheriff of the county of Lancaster), Rev. Robert Gibson, Rev. J. P. Malleon, Mr. P. J. Fearon, Mr. Robert D. Darbshire and Rev. Dr. Beard.

#### UNITARIAN HOME MISSIONARY BOARD.

This institution has now completed two years of its existence, and the annual examinations and meeting, which were recently held, were marked by circumstances of unusual interest. The examinations were held in Cross-Street chapel-room, Manchester, on January 19th and 20th, and were conducted by the Tutors, Rev. J. R. Beard, D.D., Rev. Wm. Gaskell, M.A., and Rev. F. Bishop. There were also present, in the course of the examination, Revds. Joseph Hutton, LL.D., T. E. Poynting, J. H. Hutton, B.A., John Wright, B.A., Charles Beard, B.A., H. Green, J. P. Ham, J. Whitehead, Jun., J. J. Bishop, B.A., J. Taylor, W. Whitelegge, A. Worthington, B.A., Brooke Herford, John Owen, R. L. Lloyd; Messrs. J. A. Turner, I. Mackie, E. Bowman, M. Schunck, S. D. Darbshire, W. Carver, A. Winterbottom, J. Booth, H. Coppock, H. J. Leppoe, James M'Connel, Digges, Eckersley, Grundy, H. Rawson, Rowley, Armstrong, Wadsworth, and others. Dr. Beard's classes were examined in Sacred History and Geography, Hebrew Archæology, the Life of Christ, Scriptural Exposition (Genesis and the Gospels), and the Biography of Milton. Mr. Gaskell examined the students in the Greek Testament, the History of Greece, the English Language and English Litera-



ture. Mr. Bishop's class on the Ministry to the Poor were examined on the labours of Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Tuckerman and David Nasmyth. The result of these examinations was, almost without exception, satisfactory. They convincingly proved that the students have made a good use of the past year, and that the managers of the institution are keeping steadily in view the preparation of their pupils for future usefulness, alike by mental instruction and discipline and by practical training. Several of the gentlemen who attended the examinations expressed their pleasure at the evidence afforded of the satisfactory condition of the institution. In the evening, sermons were delivered by the senior students in Bridge-Street chapel.

The annual meeting of members was held on January 21st, when the usual routine business was transacted, James Heywood, Esq., M.P., being appointed President, on the retirement of Mr. James Yates, to whom a vote of thanks was passed for his services during two years. The report of the Committee mentioned that there are now nineteen students, and appealed for renewed and increased subscriptions to meet the necessary expenses.

On the evening of the same day, a soirée was held in the supper-room of the Free-Trade Hall, R. M. Shipman, Esq., in the chair. Besides the gentlemen already mentioned, there were present a large company of ladies and gentlemen by the invitation of the Committee. The evening was spent in social conversation, varied with music, and with addresses by the Chairman, Mr. Mackie, Rev. C. Beard, Rev. F.

Bishop, Rev. J. Wright and others; and the meeting was eminently successful in arousing an increased interest in the institution, and in affording an opportunity for friendly intercourse between the Committee, the members, the tutors and the students.

#### UNITARIAN CHURCHES IN AND ABOUT NEW YORK.

There are now seven churches of this order in the city and vicinity, while a few years since there were but two societies. There are two in New York, viz., Rev. Dr. Bellows's and Rev. Dr. Osgood's; three in Brooklyn (one being in Williamsburg), of which Rev. John Pierpont, Rev. Dr. Farley and Rev. Mr. Longfellow, are pastors; one at Staten Island, of which Rev. Mr. Parkman is pastor; and one at Jersey City, of which Rev. Mr. Frothingham is minister. The two former have splendid churches, with large and influential congregations, in the city, viz., "Church of all Souls" and "Church of the Messiah."

The "Church of the Saviour," of Brooklyn (first church), own a fine edifice; and the churches of Staten Island and Jersey City have each comfortable edifices. The second church of Brooklyn contemplate building an expensive chapel ere long, and the third church (at Williamsburg) is increasing in numbers and interest. We learn that preliminary steps have been taken for the organization of a fourth church in South Brooklyn, and a considerable sum is already received for a suitable building.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## MARRIAGES.

Nov. 18, at the Unitarian chapel, Balfin's Lane, Chichester, by Rev. J. Fullagar, Mr. WILLIAM BENNETT, of London, to Miss ANNE ELIZABETH SLANEY, late of the former place.

Dec. 25, at Cristchurch chapel, Banbury, by Rev. J. M'Dowell, Mr. THOMAS ASHFIELD to Miss ANN PRESCOTT, both of Neithrop.

Jan. 4, at Bank-Street chapel, Bolton, by Rev. Franklin Baker, M.A., Mr. SAMUEL KNOWLES to MARGARET, daughter of Mr. Richard SHARPLES.

Jan. 4, at the Unitarian chapel, Gloucester, by Rev. J. G. Teggin, Mr. JAMES HARDMAN, of Westgate, to Miss ELIZABETH MORGAN.

Jan. 8, at the Unitarian chapel, Bridport, by Rev. John Lettis Short, JOHN BRENT, Jun., Esq., of Canterbury, to ELIZA ANN, eldest daughter of John HOUNSELL, Esq., of Bridport.

Jan. 22, at the Free Christian Church, Kentish Town, by the father of the bride, CHARLES HIND, Esq., to ELLEN MARIA, daughter of the Rev. L. LEWIS.